Cambria Freeman,
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.
BY JAMES G. HASSON,

Guaranteed Circulation, - 1200.

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1 year, cash in advance..... $1.50
do If not paid within 3 months. 1.75
do If not paid within 6 months. 2.00
do If not paid within the year. 2.25

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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

VOLUME XXIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1890. NUMBER 33.

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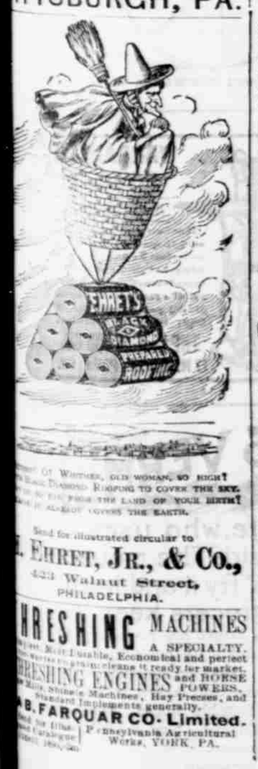

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UNCLE DAN'S FIE-LOSOPHY.

When I used to fall down from the high pre-
serve shelf,
Bump my head and most loudly would shout
it;
Uncle Dan used to say: "You'll not feel it at
all
If you only stop thinking about it."

The philosophy's good even down to this day,
And only the foolish would scout it;
If you trip and fall over yourself, it won't hurt,
If you only quit thinking about it.

You promise to die for a girl that you love,
And think that she surely can't doubt it,
When zip! the match breaks, but your heart
never will,
If you only quit thinking about it.

If your fortune goes down with the falling of
grain,
And your prospects are all put to rout, it
Will be light on your mind, as it is on your
purse,
If you only quit thinking about it.

If by lightning you're struck and driven into the
ground,
And a corkscrew will scarce pull you out, it
Will not, you will find, discommode you the
least,
If you don't go 'round thinking about it.

—A. W. Bellaw, in Light.

BEATING A STAMPEDE.

Nervy Exploit of a Cowboy on the Western Plains.

Five thousand head of Texas cattle! Just think of it! A little sea of long, branching horns and thin, nervous faces. A roar goes up now and then from some homesick animal, and here and there two engage in a hooking contest, tearing at one another's sides as if to inflict deadly injuries.

But all the time the great living mass is moving northward with an irregular motion, while a score of wide-hatted herders, mounted on wiry, excitable broncho ponies, hang on the flanks and sides.

It is the annual cattle drive.

A barren path, from forty rods to a quarter-mile wide, stretching over hill and dale, across prairies and through the undergrowth of the river bottoms, extending nearly six hundred miles from the plains of Texas to the foothills of the Rockies, in Wyoming Territory, with scarcely a blade of grass along its entire length—that is the famous cattle-trail of the West.

It is the track over which hundreds of thousands of cattle are driven annually to and from the feeding-grounds of the North and those of the South.

It also serves as the road from the ranges to the railway stations, when the marketable stock is to be shipped to an eastern destination.

It was such an object that induced the drive from the Harlan ranch, in September, 1887. The cattle were to be loaded aboard the cars at Dodge City, Kansas, and shipped to Chicago's great packing-houses.

The herd moved slowly, and it was not difficult for the camper's wagon, or prairie schooner, that was accompanying it, to keep close to the cattle.

The driver of the wagon was "a mover." He had been trying for a few months to make a living in Texas, but had not succeeded, and was going north to spend the winter with his "wife's folks."

By accident he had overtaken the herd, and was following it for the sake of the chats he held daily with the score of cowboys who rode like skirmishers upon the edges of the army of cattle.

It was in the midst of the Indian Territory that there took place an incident which gave a never-to-be-forgotten thrill to every man in the company.

"Well, stranger, are you thinking of joining the army for good?" asked one of the cowboys, riding beside the emigrant's wagon the day after it joined the herd.

"We-uns is goin' ter Nebrasky," was the surly reply.

"We're goin' to see gran'pa an' gran'ma," piped a cheery voice.

And the flaxen head of a six-year-old peeped out from the canvas cover.

"Oh! you are! Well, little one, where'd you come from?" laughed the cowboy.

"Oh! just in here! I'm papa's little girl, you know," the child replied.

It was the beginning of a friendship between the prattling little Julia and rough, reckless Mack.

The herder had been for years an exile from the society of children, and this fresh, sweet bit of humanity was like an angel from Heaven in his eyes.

He was her constant companion in every moment that he could snatch from his duties, and often she rode with him around the herd, perched in front of his great leathern saddle on the wiry broncho's back.

So it was with considerable pleasure that both Julia and her friend learned that a stop would be made for a day when about half-way through the Territory to allow the cattle to rest. When the place was reached the usual proceedings took place.

The cowboys spread out their circle until the herd covered an area of two or three square miles, then began riding around the animals, keeping their ponies constantly walking and remaining at equal distances from one another. In this way, and this way only, could so few guards restrain the vast numbers of stock.

The emigrant stopped, too, well pleased to have a resting spell.

"Looks some like a storm," said Mack, as he rode up to the wagon. "The cattle seem uneasy." Then, as he looked around for his pet, he added, "Where's Julie?"

"Don't know," said the father, dejectedly. "Guess she must be some'ers about. She was around here awhile ago."

They looked in the wagon and beneath it. She was not to be found. The father and mother became alarmed, and searched with their eyes the prairie, spread out like a great grassy sea, in the vain effort to find the missing child.

Mack rode away to the herder's camp, thinking she might have wandered there. While he was peering among the low tents and the other pharaphernalia of the outfit a low rumble was borne to his ears. It was the sound of distant thunder.

Whether it was the noise itself, or some electric force in the atmosphere, or something else that excited the wild, untamed cattle in the cowboys' charge, could not be told; but Mack, upon gaining a view of the herd, saw a sight that sent as much terror to his heart as it did to those of his comrades.

A stampede was about to occur!

A stampede is a serious matter. It means danger, and perhaps death, to the drivers, and loss to the owners. With a wild, unreasoning impulse the mighty herds will rush pell mell in one direction, scattering as they go, those behind pushing on those in front, until sometimes a dozen miles are put between their starting-point and themselves.

The procedure of the herders in such instances is to keep the animals close together and guide them in a long curve; neck and neck with the leaders they madly ride, turning them a little from time to time, while those in the rear follow blindly on. Should a ravine be met with, a hundred or more of the herd may be trampled to death before a halt can be called. The herders take particular pains not to be overtaken themselves, as horse and rider would be an unrecognizable mass of crushed flesh and bones should the avalanche of cattle strike them.

So the twenty cowboys were not pleased with the indications of a stampede. The cattle with one accord raised their heads high in air, and angry snorts began to be heard in every direction. Then in long, swinging trots they came toward a common center, though all the time bearing eastward.

When they had "bunched" in a crowding, heaving horde, the start was made. Cowboys and dogs were paid no more attention to than the flies on their flanks.

There is no stopping them, nor yet is there any guiding them. The herders can do nothing but watch the river of horns and hides roll on to the sound of bellows and hoof beats.

Mack saw it, and he looked still more anxiously for his little golden-haired Julie, to whom he was so much attached. More carefully he scanned the prairie.

Suddenly he saw, far off to the east, perhaps a mile away, a white straw hat. It was the child's.

The cattle were rushing together and moving in the baby's direction.

"It were wonderful," said Julia's father, in telling me of the incident a few days ago, "how cool he looked. The other cow-boys were that bad rattled they couldn't stir, but he jest stood an' thought, like he was only goin' across a street. It was out o' the question fer him to git to the baby, but in a minute there come a thought to his mind.

"Yer know no human bein' kin stop stampeded cattle. All the herders kin do is jest ter keep the creatures in sight an' tergether. Mack jest went ter one of the tents, an' then came out with a bag filled with something in his hand, mounted a pony, an' in a minute was riding past the cattle.

"Surprisin' how fast they got under way. Nearly every animal in the herd had j'ined the leaders, an' in a great mass they was tumblin' on eastward.

"The hat of Julie could be seen movin' through the tall grass, an' Mack's pony racin' toward her an' nearly even with the head of the herd.

"'What's he tryin' ter do?' one of the other herders asked.

"'He can't save the child,' another replied, 'no man livin' kin do that!'

"But on he flew, an' then, when he had passed the leaders, we seen him turn his pony an' ride straight in front of that sea of rushin' critters. It was death ter him if the pony should stumble an' throw him.

"But it didn't, an' we noticed that he was fumblin' with the sack in his hands, an' a white stream like sand was flowin' from it.

"As the leaders of the herd came ter the line of white stuff they stopped, or tried ter, but the ones behind pushed 'em on. Still, as every line reached the spot it tried ter stop, an' the whole herd's speed was slackened fer a minute or two.

"After crossin' in front of the cattle, Mack steered ahead ag'in and gained on 'em fast. But they got under way, an' he crossed back, with the white stream ag'in runnin' from his sack—it was salt.

"There was another halt when the stampeders came to this, an' it gave Mack time enough ter reach his goal, an', leanin' from his saddle, grab Julie's dress, swing her up in front of him an' git out of the way of the herd, now ag'in in motion."

It was midnight before the herd was stopped, and then it was ten miles away, and fifty or a hundred fine steers had been trampled to death.

But Julie was sleeping as peacefully and quietly in her father's emigrant wagon as if she had never been in danger.

She is my neighbor now, and Mack makes frequent trips from the ranch to visit the family and the bright seven-year-old whom he calls his baby.—Charles M. Harger, in Golden Days.

SHE WAS IMPATIENT.

But She Had Good Reasons for Losing Her Patience.

As a Boston horse-car was going north the other evening with a young lady and an old gentleman as solo passengers the maiden exhibited symptoms of impatience at the slow progress made. The car, says the New York Ledger, had to halt for a team on the track, and she would have got off but for the gentleman, who said: "It's only for half a minute—don't be impatient." Then the car waited two minutes on a switch, and she put her head out of the window, then got out, walked up and down and was on the platform when he said:

"There comes the other car. You seem so impatient that I am led to believe that some of your family are sick. Is it so?"

"They are all unusually well," she replied, as she took her seat again.

One block more and the car left the track. She waited half a minute to see if it could be hauled on again right away, and then she started to go.

"It will be all right in a minute," protested the old gentleman.

"Can't see it," she curtly replied.

"Then you will go?"

"I will."

"And it isn't sickness?"

"See here," she said, standing on the lower step, "if you are dying to know the cause of my hurry I will tell you. My beau is to be at the house at half-past eight, and I'm not going to run the risk of losing a good offer for all the old men and all the street cars in the world. There! Does that make you feel any better?"

The old man pondered it as the car slewed around and bounced and bobbed, and he concluded that she was perfectly correct, though a little impudent.

—A little tallow well rubbed in will heal a small cut in twelve hours. For children, who are invariably cutting their fingers, being scratched by the cat, or having little calloused wounds it is invaluable.

YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD.

I know a fine young fellow-man,
Of tender twenty years,
Who tries to be a gentleman,
And like one he appears.
He stands upon the sidewalk there,
And wears a pleasing smile,
And, like the man he thinks he is,
He's smoking all the while.

No, he's not very learned in
The things they teach at school;
But then that does not matter much—
He can't be beat at pool.
He's not well up in politics,
And political intrigue—
But he knows the name of every man
In the National Base-Ball League.

He has an ear for music, and
He sings with voice so strong,
And to a listening audience,
The latest comic song.
And, too, his language-lessons
Know nothing of neglect,
He speaks quite well and fluently
The negro dialect.

Moreover, he speaks French quite well,
But all that he can say,
Is: "Ah, bon jour, ma chere, mam'selle,"
And "Parlez vous Francais?"
These phrases, when he has a chance,
He never fails to speak,
But only to the No friends of his
Who know not French from Greek.

And he knows well the history
Of our great, boundless West;
And as to his authority—
It's always of the best.
No dull facts mar that which he reads,
It is written charmingly—
He gets it, too, in handy form—
In a "Half-Dime Library."

An artist he; an artist's themes
His idle hours beguile,
In matching colors. What he wears
Is always in the style.
His mind oft runs to other things,
To canes and such as that;
And he's never known to be without
The latest style of hat.

And to finance he gives much thought,
And often from his friends
He borrows cash to further some
Of his financial ends.
He is a speculator, too,
And often can't fulfill
His promises, and speculates
Upon his tailor's bill.

A high ambition lifts him up;
He goes upon the stage—
Behind the scenes—to see a "girl"
Of—well, uncertain—age.
He boasts of conquests he has made
Among his female friends;
He marries one of them at last,
And here his story ends.

—Frank Pemmon, in Yankee Blade.

"A LOST LOVE."

How Robert Clare Discovered His Mistake When Too Late.

Out in the November twilight, with the elms and oaks making a crimson canopy of autumnal foliage above her fair young forehead, Gerty Deane would have made a pretty subject for an artist's sketch as she stood in her pale pink muslin dress, and her jetty, silken hair all blown about in the riotous autumn breeze.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, her dimpled face brightening as a tall figure strode over the slope of the hill, "I thought you would never come!"

Mr. Clare surveyed his pretty fiancee critically.

"Don't do that, little one," said he, as she tried to relieve him of one of his traveling wraps. "How you are sunburned! And I think you stoop a little. I wish they would look after you a little more."

"I'm sorry that I don't suit you," said she, in a trembling voice. "You used to like me before you got that horrid office in the custom house, and left Coombe valley."

"A man is not a fossil, child," said Mr. Clare, carelessly. "We grow mentally as well physically; and no one can help his tastes changing."

"Robert," said Gerty, "your letters have puzzled me of late, and your words and manner now puzzle me still more. Do you mean that you are tired of me?"

"How you do catechize one!" said Clare, impatiently. "Did I say that I was tired of you? You are a dear, sweet-natured little puss, and, of course, a man can't expect to have everything at once. But the truth is that I have been mixing in rather intellectual society of late, and after a taste of champagne it's hard to come down to cold water again."

Gerty looked wistfully at him.

"I don't venture to call myself intellectual," she said, "but I read a great deal, and I try to keep up with my age, Robert—I do, indeed, for your sake."

"My darling," he said, "you are perfect as you are. A man doesn't expect the canary to ape the liquid notes of the nightingale. Now run out of the dew, and tell them to bring me a cup of tea."

Gerty obeyed, docile, but still unconvinced. She was almost sorry for a moment—almost, but not quite—that she was engaged to him.

And the more she thought of it the more she was determined to free him from bonds which she instinctively felt were becoming burdensome.

And so, that very day, when Robert Clare was dreaming over a book, with the blossoming clouds of the old apple tree raining their soft pink shells down over his head, Gerty came resolutely out to him with a little torquois ring in her hand.

"Robert," said she, "I have been thinking the matter over, and I have come to the conclusion that we shall both be happier if our futures separate from this point."

"Gerty!" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"Here's the engagement ring, Robert," said she. "Please don't attempt to argue the point, for nothing will induce me to change my mind."

He accepted the pretty blue token reluctantly.

"You will remember, Gerty," he said, "that this is your own doing."

"I shall not forget it," said she.

"Seen her! No, of course, I haven't seen her," said Mr. Clare. "We have corresponded for three years, and I've never so much as looked at her photograph!"

"Incognito, eh?" said Phillip Wayne, carelessly.

"Something of that sort. And you really know her?"

"I have the pleasure of knowing her most intimately," returned Wayne.

"She is beautiful, of course?"

"Very."

"And her manner?"

"She is very quiet and retiring. No one would ever suspect, either, that she was a successful authoress, or a most cultivated woman."

Clare sprung up from his chair in enthusiasm.

"So much the better," said he.

"But you haven't told me," said Wayne, "how you commenced to correspond with a person whom you confess that you never saw."

"Oh, that is plain enough. I had been reading 'A Lost Love,' and, in the magnetic spell of the moment, sat down, and wrote to the authoress—directing, of course, to the care of her publishers. She answered my letter in the same spirit—and, by Jove, old fellow, this correspondence has been a treat all along. Her letters are charming."

Mr. Wayne smiled.

"I see that I shall have to introduce you," said he.

Clare wrung his hand.

"I shall be your debtor all my life-time if you will," cried he.

"I am going down to see her this afternoon," said Wayne; "and if you will meet me at the three o'clock train I will venture to insure you a welcome."

"I'll be as punctual as the clock," said Robert Clare, with sparkling eyes and heightened color.

And he kept his word.

"Coombe valley, eh?" said he, glancing at the railway tickets in his friend's hand. "Why, it can't be possible! I was a boy there. I know every one in Coombe valley."

"Then perhaps you know this lady?" Clare shook his head.

"All the men at Coombe valley are hum-drum, money-making machines," said he. "All the women are smiling and stupid, without an idea beyond croquet and worsted work. But perhaps she's visiting there."

"We shall see," said Wayne.

At the station a little close carriage met them, with a respectful driver in plain clothes, who touched his hat to Mr. Wayne as if he was a familiar guest, and away they whirled, under the bending green of the elm boughs, and past the peaceful homesteads that lined the way to the village.

"Why!" exclaimed Clare, as the carriage drew up in front of a pretty stone villa, "this is the old Deane mansion! What on earth are you stopping here for?"

"Yes," said Wayne; "it is the old Deane mansion; and here is your unknown correspondent, the authoress of 'A Lost Love,' coming to welcome us."

And the next moment he had folded a slight figure in his arms, with a most loving kiss. She disengaged herself, laughing and blushing.

"Phil, what an uncivilized savage you are!" said she. "And I have not even spoken to Mr. Clare."

But Mr. Clare stood transfixed in a sort of incredulous surprise.

"Gerty," cried he—"Gerty Deane?"

"Yes," said she; "Gerty Deane. Oh! you never dreamed that you were corresponding with me, did you? For Phil's sister copied all my letters, and posted them from town, and Phil didn't object, and—"

"But what business was it of Mr Wayne's?" rather haughtily demanded Robert Clare.

"Oh! none in particular," said Gerty; "only we were married last month."

Clare stood aghast.

His Gerty—the dark-eyed little gypsy who had once been so submissive to his every whim—the queen of the literary world — the unknown correspondent whose glittering intellect had so dazzled him—another man's wife!

And when Clare went back to the city by the train that night he caught himself repeating the poet's refrain:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

For the book and the book-maker were both, as far as he was concerned, "a lost love."—Story Paper.

AN EXPENSIVE SHAVE.

What John Jacob Astor, Jr., Was Compelled to Pay His Barber.

Young John Jacob Astor, Jr., perhaps the richest youth in the United States, it would seem, from an incident that occurred in a barber-shop the other day, lacks that closeness in money matters that stood his grandfather in such good stead when he began the fortune that the boy is now spending. The barber that shaved Mr. Astor is remarkable in his weird appreciation of ethics. He would deal honestly with men of ordinary means, but he has an abnormal socialistic idea that the millionaire is legitimate prey for him. Therefore he resolved to get a very large price for shaving young Mr. Astor if he could manage it. After finishing his work he brushed Mr. Astor's coat for him with great care and held out his hand for the bill that the millionaire was extricating from a fat roll. It is one of Mr. Astor's habits to pay for small items out of one huge roll of bills. The barber passed across the room to his cash drawer and then, returning, handed to Mr. Astor two pieces of silver. The rich youth looked at the money and then at the barber.

"Wh-wh-wh-y, what's this?" he said.

"Change for the dollar you gave me, sir," responded the barber.

"But, cawnfound it, I gave you a twenty-dollar bill."

"Oh, no, sir," said the barber. "Only a one. Look at my drawer if you like, and you'll see there is nothing larger than a one there."

Several of young Astor's friends were with him and so he did not care to discuss such a vulgar question as money. He made up his mind that it was a dollar he had given up, and jammed his hat down over his ears and went for a walk on the avenue. The barber tells about his getting $19.80 for a shave.

"And I'd take a hundred off that young fellow if I could," says he.

A strange case, surely, of keen tonsorial artistry and ingenious criminality, and this sort of thing is not uncommon in New York.—N. Y. Star.

Evidently Did Not Get It.

Extract from letter written by editor of Spiketown Bugle to general passenger agent of Z., Y. & X railway: "Dear Sir: I wish to take a little trip to Niagara Falls and return and naturally preferring your excellent road to any other, I write to ask for a pass for the round trip. In the future, as in the past, you may count upon a hearty support and good will of the Bugle in every way by which it can possibly contribute to the prosperity of your deservedly popular and successful line."

Extract from editorial in Spiketown Bugle of week following: "Elsewhere will be found the particulars of the killing of a cow belonging to our worthy townsman, Harrison Smartweed, by a careless engineer in the employ of the Z., Y. & X. railroad at the Walnut street crossing a day or two ago. We understand the poor, miserable old Z., Y. & X., with characteristic meanness, is trying, as usual, to sneak out of paying for the animal," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

THE OLD CRADLE.

I'm banished to the garret now;
My busy days are o'er;
Within my sheltering embrace
The babies sleep no more.
No more, as in the by-gone hours,
My drowsy beat keeps time
In patient, sleepy monotone
With the old nursery rhyme:
"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

The last rays of the setting sun
Slant through the windows small;
They light the garret's dusky gloom;
And on my head they fall.
Along their level bars of gold
Old pictures come and go;
Again I hear the mother's voice
Singing so soft and low:
"Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock."

Ah me! where once the baby heads
The downy pillows prest,
Within my ample oaken hood
The spider has her nest.
Empty, forgotten, and alone,
A useless thing am I;
The last words of the quaint old song
Fall like a parting sigh:
"When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
Down will go baby and cradle and all."

—E. M. Griffith, in Harper's Bazar.

SOME SEA STORIES.

Strange, Queer Sights Observed on the Vasty Deep.

In the month of June, 1859, I was second mate of the ship William True, on a voyage from Liverpool to the Cape of Good Hope. We were within four hundred miles of the Cape and at least three hundred miles off shore, when, just as the men were at breakfast on a bright and pleasant morning, with the ship going at the rate of four knots an hour, a great column of water suddenly rose high in air right dead ahead of us and not over a quarter of a mile away. This column reached to a height of fifty feet, and the base seemed to take in an area of half an acre. It rose with a loud "s-s-s-swish!" which could have been heard two or three miles, and fifteen men saw what I am describing. The column held itself upright for a long minute, and then fell flat, and you can judge of the commotion when I tell you that we were boarded by a sea so heavy that it was like to carry us to the bottom by its dead weight, and that we were three hours in pumping the last of it out of her. The water for five miles around turned a brick color, and hundreds of fish floated belly up around us. Among these were dolphins and sharks, and we saw a whale about forty feet long with its head partly torn away. We ran right over the spot, and were as badly shaken up by the great seas as if we had been lying-to in a hurricane.

We knew what had happened. There had been an explosion at the bottom of the sea—just such an occurrence as created half the islands in the Pacific. We laid the ship to and put out a boat and made soundings. Just where the column had formed we found bottom at eight fathoms. This depth continued for a circular space of 100 feet. Once outside of it we could get no bottom with 400 feet of line. There had been a heave-up, but not high enough to create an island or an obstruction to navigation. The circumstance, together with a chart and our soundings, was reported to the port officials at Cape Town, and later on to the proper board at home, and while those officials gave no full credit for our work and ordered a man-of-war to verify our soundings, three or four English papers, which got hold of fragments of the story, ridiculed our sworn statements, and intimated that we were all drunk on that occasion.

A year later, not having returned to England with the ship, but having shipped on a Government brig making a survey of the mouths of the Niger, which, you know, fall into the Gulf of Guinea on the west coast of Africa, a curious adventure befell us. We had been in and out of the southerly mouth, and were standing off shore to avoid a shoal and fetch the next one, when, ten miles off the land, with the tide running out, the wind died away and we came to anchor on good holding ground sixty feet below. This was shortly after noon, and the anchor was hardly down before a sailor who had been sent aloft with a glass to look out for native craft reported one in sight dead to the east and only two or three miles away. At that date the natives along the Guinea coast, and especially about the mouths of the Niger, were exceedingly hostile toward all white men, and our brig was well manned and armed on that account. We had on two or three occasions been obliged to fire into native boats to keep them off. After a bit we could all make out the craft which was slowly approaching, but no man, even with the best glass aboard, could satisfy himself that he had ever before seen one like it. It came within a mile of us and then stopped, and after a long look through the glass the captain decided that it was no craft at all, but a great log or raft which had been brought off with the tide. The matter having been settled, and the thing coming no nearer, we gave it no further attention.

The calm continued during the afternoon and evening, and as the weather was oppressively hot, every body was idle. When night came the brig was left in charge of an officer and the anchor watch, and nothing occurred to alarm us until about an hour before daylight. Then a voice suddenly cried out in alarm, and this was followed by snarls and growls and hurried footsteps. The cabin doors and skylight were open to admit the air, as was also the slide to the fo'castle entrance. Some one rushed down the companionway and shut and bolted the doors, and a minute later, as we turned out of our berths, we learned what was going on. The officer of the watch said we were boarded by two lions, who had drifted down upon our bows on what he believed by the smell to be a dead whale. The two sailors had made for the fo'castle and drawn the slide, while he had made for the cabin to close the doors.

The thing seemed so improbable that we were ready to jeer him, even though some of us had heard growls, but before any one could doubt that the officer was telling the sober truths, we heard the beasts raving along the deck and stopping to raise a great row at the water cask. A heavy sea could not have torn it from its fastening, but the lion accomplished that feat in short order. The gentle heave of the brig on the quiet sea then rolled the barrel about, and as the water ran into the scuppers the beasts lapped it up with low growls of satisfaction. We saw nothing, but our ears told us all this. Our noses were soon called into use to give us further information. A disgusting odor floated down through the sky-light, and after a few sniffs the captain said:

"If that isn't a dead whale alongside, then I am mistaken in the smell. I never heard that lions cared for whale flesh, but the fellows on deck must have floated off shore on this carcass, and their long exposure to the blazing sun has made them terribly savage."

We felt that we could do nothing until daylight came. We lighted the cabin lamps, so that the lions might not leap down through the skylight, which we could not close from within, and then waited. They managed to lap water enough to slake their thirst, and then they went roaming up and down in search of food. They could find nothing, and as daylight appeared their ill humor increased. They trotted up and down, growling in a way to give one the shivers, and it was lucky that all of us were under shelter. When day had fairly come we stood under the skylight with our guns, and presently one of the lions came trotting aft and showed his head over the frame. Three of us fired at the same instant, and with such effect that he fell back dead. The death of one took the courage out of the other, and he ran away to the port bow and leaped upon the carcass of the whale, which still held to us. We heard him run along the decks, and for that matter his tread was heavier than that of any man's, and after a bit the captain stole up the companionway and discovered and reported the true state of affairs. Then three of us made shift to get into the shrouds of the mainmast, and from our safe purchases we also made an end of the second beast, which was the female lion, and somewhat smaller than the other. Although the two pelts were sent to England, and the manner in which they had come into our possession was vouched for by Government officers of the civil branch, the Liverpool Mercury was pleased to come out with the statement that Gulliver was a truthful man in comparison with any man aboard our brig.

In the year 1861, about midsummer, being then one hundred and fifty miles to the west of the island of Juan Fernandez, in the Scotch ship Highland Belle, we were bearing up for the island under a light breeze, with the full ship's company on deck, when a monster whale breached on our port bow and only a cable's length away. The carpenter was repairing the rail on that bow, and four or five men were scraping and painting. At least six of us saw the whale as he first pushed his head above water, and our exclamations attracted attention, so that all the others saw him before he fell back. He shot straight up like a log on end, and he never stopped going until five-sixths of his body stood in air. We all saw that he had half a dozen wraps of chain around him, and that an anchor was fouled in the corner of his mouth. He fell back on the surface with an awful crash, kicking up a tremendous swell, and there he lay without movement. We ran on for a quarter of a mile, and then laid the ship to and lowered a boat. I myself had charge of this boat, and after laying off and on to see if the whale was dead, I finally concluded that he was and pulled in on him. While he was floating the anchor kept him down by the head, and we could not get at it. We, however, cut away a fathom or more of the chain, and found the wraps about his body so tightly drawn that the creature must have suffered great pain. We got the bight of a rope over one arm of the anchor, but the five of us could not pull it out of his jaw, and we returned to the ship and left the carcass to float away. Two days later it was found by the Bristol whaler John G. Pitkins, and when cut up alongside yielded about one hundred barrels of oil. They found one of the anchor flukes deeply imbedded in his mouth, being, as you might say, a big fish hook on which he had been caught, and this anchor, together with sixty feet of chain, was afterward identified by the Russian brig Cronstadt. This brig was at anchor on the north side of the island one day a week before, when the whale, whose presence was entirely unsuspected, picked up her anchor and towed her half a mile. Greatly alarmed at being towed out to sea by an invisible power, the captain ordered a shackle pin slipped, and thus stopped his headway at the expense of an anchor and sixty or seventy feet of chain. Later on the three vessels I have named found themselves in Valparaiso together, and it was easy to fit all the details together and make a straight case. We had the proofs right there, and the Russian signed a receipt in black and white for the anchor so strangely recovered, and we hung our bit of chain in the office of the English Consul. Yet, despite all this, I have seen several American newspapers which referred to the incident "as a yarn which even children would take no stock in."—N. Y. Sun.

PLEASED THE PRESIDENT.

How a French Prefect Won the Friendship of Marshal MacMahon.

One day Marshal MacMahon, during one of his Presidential tours, called on a certain Prefect against whom serious complaints had been presented at headquarters, says Everybody's Paper. The Marshal spent the night at the prefecture. He was an early riser and a genuine soldier—waited upon himself and brushed his own clothes. In the morning he stood as usual, brush in hand, at the open window. The Prefect, who slept in the opposite wing, and who, harassed with gloomy forebodings, had also risen early, saw him, opened his window, and likewise began to brush his coat.

"Ah, M. le Prefect, do you get up as early as this?"

"Every day, M. le President."

"Really! And brush your clothes yourself?"

"I am quite a soldier in that respect." Both went on brushing.

"Look here," said the Marshal, "just step across to my room."

The next moment the Prefect was deep in conversation with the Marshal, on whom he made a very favorable impression, and was soon afterward promoted to a more lucrative office. "Capital fellow, that," the Marshal used to say; "gets up early, and is always at his post."

Very Little Difference.

He had come home a little late, and she had delivered the usual feminine oration. He turned on his pillow and muttered, as he drowsed off: "Matches made in Heaven seem to me to have just as much brimstone on 'em as the other kind."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - AUGUST 29, 1890.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philadelphia.
For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARDLAY, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
THOMAS H. GREEVY.
Subject to the decision of Democratic conference.
For Assembly,
M. FITZHARRIS, of Gallitzin.
ED. T. McNEELIS, of Johnstown.
For Treasurer,
CHARLES J. MAYER, of Johnstown.
For Commissioners,
PATRICK E. DILLON, of Elder Twp.
JOHN KIRBY, of Johnstown.
For Auditors,
WILLIAM C. BERRY, of Wilmore.
JOSEPH HIPPS, of Chest Twp.
For Poor House Director,
S. W. MILLER, of Johnstown.

SAN DOMINGO was invaded by a Haytian force of 800 men, and repulsed with a loss of 23 men. The cause of trouble is dissatisfaction with some features of a commercial treaty.

THE Chicago *Herald* says that Mr. Quay has been after the Manufacturers to help elect Delamater, and they have replied: "Not a dollar till the Tariff bill is passed."

THE price of wheat has an upward tendency. In the eastern cities it has gone above the dollar mark. Whether it is the result of speculation or anticipated shortage of the crop in Europe, is not known. Perhaps all cereals will be more in demand at higher prices.

THE most remarkable strike ever known will be inaugurated in Belgium, September 1. The entire laboring classes will quite work until they are given the right to vote. The Government may endeavor to suppress the movement, making bloodshed probable.

PERSONS to make sure of voting in this State at the November election must be registered by September 31. There is some difference of opinion as to the date, but if you are registered by the 31 of September there can be none, if the person is right in all other respects.

THE State Prohibition Convention, assembled at Harrisburg, last week and nominated the following ticket: For Governor, Chas. W. Miller, of Franklin, Vecange county; Lt. Governor, Chas. D. Hyatt, of Chester; Secretary of Internal Affairs, Wm. T. Dunn, of Alleghany.

A JOINT resolution has been introduced in the House proposing an amendment to the constitution providing that neither the United States nor any State shall pass a law authorizing the establishment or maintenance of a lottery or any scheme for the distribution for prizes by chance.

HON. LEWIS F. WATSON, Congressman from the Twenty Seventh district in this State, whose home was at Warren, Pa., died very suddenly at his hotel in Washington on Monday morning, from appoplexy. This is the third Pennsylvania Congressman who has died during this session of Congress.

THE Lewisburg *Journal* says it can name fifty Republicans in the borough who have declared their intention to vote for Robert E. Pattison for Governor. That's the way it is all over the State. But has anybody seen or heard of any Democrat who has declared his intention to vote for Delamater? We guess not.

IN the House, at Washington, on Wednesday, during the debate on the Compound Lard Bill, Congressman Bockwith squared off and hit Congressman Wilson a blow in the face which Wilson replied to by countering on Beckwith's body. They are both Republicans and the encounter will likely induce Speaker Reed to incorporate in his new rules some adopted from the London prize ring.

THE Republicans don't do much talking these days about a congressional reapportionment this year. Cause why; the census shows that the South will gain instead of lose congressmen. For weeks past Superintendent Porter has worked his force night and day to get the count completed in order that the re-apportionment might be made; but the result has not been just what was anticipated, and no reapportionment will be made.

THERE is a good account from Perry county. It is reported upon reliable authority that from ten to twenty Republicans in each of the thirty election districts have declared their intention to not only vote for Robert E. Pattison, but to labor for his success. Thus far the desertions from the Republican camp are principally by farmers and they belong to a class whose change indicates a political revolution. The movement for Pattison is likely to carry along with it all the Prohibition voters in Perry county.

AN idea of the interest already aroused in the State campaign of Philadelphia may be gained when it is stated that the answer to a call of the city chairman over 2,500 Democratic supervisors, assessors, election officers and members of the various ward committee met in the Republican city on Monday night to discuss the situation and to receive advice from State Chairman Kerr and others as to the details of the work of the campaign. Chairman Kerr confidently claimed that Pattison would be elected.

THE Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, issues the following statement concerning crops in Pennsylvania: Owing to the excessive rains much of the corn was quite late in being planted, and in some sections the dry weather of the past month has materially retarded growth and reduced the prospects. Some injury is also reported from local hail storms. Oats headed better than was anticipated, but on account of disease affecting it since the middle of May it did not spread out well, and is thin on the ground, short in the straw, chaffy, and very uneven in ripening, which indicates much light grain.

Potatoes have been quite free from bugs this year, but some blights is reported. Tobacco will be short in the stalk, and, as a consequence, will have fewer leaves and a light yield. Timothy hay is the best and largest yield in many years. Clover is not so good. Fruit is the most complete failure for many years.

ALL over the State, independent Republicans are daily announcing themselves in favor of Pattison for Governor and as being tired of the Quay yoke. The Philadelphia *North American* (Republican) in a recent issue says:

The extent of the Republican purpose to throw Mr. Delamater overboard with his principal is abundantly sufficient to make the result sure. We have no present doubt whatever of the election of Governor Pattison by a majority in excess of that which he had in 1882, and in saying this we are speaking from knowledge, and not because the wish is father to the thought. Mr. Delamater has been making frantic efforts to stem the tide; but this is impossible. Whatever impression he has made is unimportant, and the names of individuals which are paraded as now enlisted in his behalf have little or no practical bearing on the situation. The self respecting Republicans of the State, and those in other States, who realize that the salvation of the party nationally depends on the overthrow of Quayism this year, may be assured that it is "in the wood," and will be hewn out clean and sure.

THE rapid increase of the wealth, business and prosperity of the United States during the past ten years, says the Boston *Manufacturers' Gazette*, is simply marvelous. According to the published figures, the total wealth of the country is now $71 459 000 000, equal to nearly $1000 per capita. This is an increase in ten years of $18 000 000 000, or 42 per cent. England's wealth in 1885 is given at $50,000 000,000. The average of wealth per head in England is $1545, Scotland $1245, in Ireland but $565. The total wealth of France is estimated at $36 000,000,000. England exacts in taxes $20 per head of population, while each individual in the United States pays but $12 50. America will produce 7 000 000 tons of iron this year, while England's greatest production is 8 000 000 tons.

WITH both Houses of Congress Republican by an ample margin says the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, the country was told last winter that a new rule, heading off "dilatory" motions and "minority obstructions," would insure the prompt dispatch of legislative business and send the bills of each House sailing through the other to receive the approving signature of a President in harmony with both branches of Congress. That was the "iridescent dream." The gloomy reality in the ninth month of a protracted session is an unprecedented record of delays and antagonisms between a Republican Senate and a Republican House, and between a Republican Administration and a Republican Congress. House bills have been butchered in the Senate and Senate bills in the House.

THE Independent Republicans, says the Philadelphia *Times*, who expect to support Pattison have been quietly busy for the past two or three weeks in effecting an organization which will extend to every county in the State. They are looking for suitable rooms in this city in which to open headquarters. As soon as a suitable location is engaged the names of the chairman and secretaries, who have already been agreed upon, will be announced and the active work of the campaign begun. Those who have been engaged in this work say that Pennsylvania is full of Republicans this year who will vote for Pattison.

JOHN B. RAE, a Republican and President of the United Mine Workers' association of America, has returned to Pittsburg, from a three weeks' tour among the miners of Central Pennsylvania. Mr. Rae says they are for Pattison to a man, because they believe he favors and Delamater opposes the interests of miners. He says the sentiment for Pattison is almost as strong among the farmers as among the miners. "I am a strong Republican on national affairs," said Mr. Rae, "but I am urging all our people to vote for Pattison and I believe he will be elected."

GEORGE W. CHILDS' *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says: "A number of prominent Republican business men have announced their intention to vote for the election of Ex Governor Pattison, and do all they can to induce others of their own political faith to do likewise. There is no organized movement to obtain supporters for the Democratic nominees from the ranks of the opposing party, but if the number of those who have declared for the Ex-Governor shall increase it will likely result in an independent Rebublican organization that will be unpleasant for the Republicans to contemplate."

AT the Republican Senatorial caucus held at Washington on Thursday evening of last week, it was agreed that the Force bill should go over until next session without being publicly posponed, a vote to be taken upon it on December 20th. The rules to be changed if necessary to effect this result. The general debate on the Tariff bill to be closed by unanimous consent on September 5, and the vote to be taken on September 8, final adjournment to be expected between October 1 and 10. This is a victory for Quay and it will probably be the last that will ever be heard of the Force bill.

It Is Business With Them.

The Republican papers are trying to make a great campaign sensation over the starting of the Citizens' Republican Committee to boom Delamater's cause. To the uninitiated efforts are being made to make it appear that the great majority of this committee, in supporting Delamater, are actuated solely by the belief that he is the superior of his Democratic opponent, and will give Pennsylvania a better and more economical government.

In the list of the committee as published appear the names of several leading Republican politicians. Of course they are always expected to support the ticket, so that parading them as independent business men who have recently come out for Delamater seems to be straining matters in order to start a boom for the badly handicapped candidate. The list also contains the names of several Republican members of the Legislature and a number of ex-Republican office holders. As the Legislative members want another term, and the ex-office holders have hopes of the lightning again striking them, it is easy to perceive why they are so enthusiastic for the Republican ticket.

Of course the names of many prominent business men appear in the list. And there is a good business reason for the presence of their names. The manufacturer who knows that a high tariff means big profits to him would be very foolish not to do his utmost for the candidate of the party which is trying to make taxes heavier for the poor man and profits greater for the rich manufacturer. Mill owners who have become millionaries in a few years off the plunder wrung from the poor are not going to endanger the tariff robbery by supporting Mr. Pattison, even though they candidly believed that he would give the State a wiser and a purer administration.

Selfishness is the motive back of the Citizens' Republican Committee, and when the masses see the professional politician and the professional high tariff agitator united for a candidate they can readily perceive that the interests of the poorer and heavily taxed voter lie in the other direction.—*Phila. Herald.*

Beat It at the Polls.

The postponement of the Force bill until December should not make the Democracy too confident. The Republicans count upon electing Senators from the new States of Idaho and Wyoming, and with four additional votes their prospects of having in the next session the forty-three votes necessary to change the rules and set up a gag are not hopeless.

The Democratic Senators, under the skillful leadership of Mr. Gorman, can be depended upon to resist with every parliamentary resource and to the last extremity the passage of the bill; but it is for the Democratic party to beat it at the polls next November, and then the result of the contest which is to come in December will be known. No amount of bulldozing and no exercise of party dicipline can drive the reluctant Republican Senators who distrust the measure to its support if the country declares against it unmistakably at the Congress elections. By the manufacture of new States the Republicans have apparently secured control of the Senate for a number of years to come, but a good sound drubbing next fall will teach them that there is a God in Israel. They will not dare oppose the will of the people.

With this attack upon the liberties, the peace and the business of the country repulsed but not yet broken, the Democratic party returns to its old and natural place as the champion of the Constitution and the enemy of federal encroachment. The wildest Free Trader and the most inflexible Protectionist can get together in defense of free elections.

Mr. Reed and Mr. Lodge have unwittingly done a great service to the Democracy. They have given it a basis of union and the certainty of victory.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Removal of Ericcson's Remains.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—The remains of John Ericcson, the inventor, were borne to their Swedish native land today for funeral interment. The tribute paid to-day to one of the most noted and successful inventors of the century was attended with appropriate ceremonies worthy of the occasion.

The United States, as a Government, bestowed its greatest honors; Captain Ericcson's own countrymen, many veterans of the Civil War, representatives of foreign governments, and public men of all degrees united in the last tributes to the memory of the illustrious dead. Rear Admiral John T. Worden, the heroic commander of the Ericcons Monitor in the battle of Hampton Roads against the Confederate ram Merrimac, March 9, 1862, was the central object of interest to many.

The white cruiser Baltimore, which was selected to bear Ericcson's ashes to his native land, was anchored to the south buoy north east of Ellis Island, in the harbor. The other naval vessels were to-day anchored by squadron in line bearing west 332 from the Baltimore. As the Tug Nina, bearing the remains, passed on her way to the Baltimore, minute guns were fired from the Battery.

Colors at the Navy Yard and on all naval vessels in the harbor were displayed at half mast at noon. The flags at Governor's Island and Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth were lowered. Each of the navy vessels hoisted Swedish colors to the fore, and, falling into line, escorted the Baltimore down to Sandy Hook.

The Alliance East.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24.—According to the Chairman of the Tariff Reform committee of New York, Dewitt Warner, the Farmers' Alliance movement is not alone confined to the West. Mr. Warner, who is in the city to secure speakers for the series of joint tariff debates at the county fairs, says while the alliance men in New York State have not made and probably will not make any congressional nominations this year, yet they claim to be organized in some 40 counties in New York, and the majority of them will only support candidates who favor Tariff Reform. Mr. Warner says the discussions of revenue reform in Western New York will make great changes there in the vote on congressmen, especially if, as seems to be probable, pronounced Tariff Reform candidates are nominated by the Democrats.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guranteed to bring satisfactory results, in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Innammation of Lungs, Bronchitis Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

THE Senate Committee on Postal Affairs on Tuesday decided to make the bill to extend the free-delivery system apply to cities of five thousand inhabitants, or to cities where the postal receipts amount to $5,000.

Pattison's Letter of Acceptance.

Robert E. Pattison, the Democratic nominee for Governor, on Friday sent his letter of acceptance to Chairman Sowden and the Notification Committee. It is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Aug. 22 1890.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your letter conveying the formal notice of the nomination by the Democratic State Convention for the office of Governor. The custom which calls for such interchange of correspondence has lost much of its significance by reason of the changed conditions and usages surrounding conventions of political parties of the present day. Having appeared in person before the body whose committee you are, and accepted its nomination, I took occasion to point out what, in my view, was the all-pervading issue in the campaign then inaugurated. An extended letter of acceptance now would, therefore, be little more than a reiteration of what was then expressed. It is questionable moreover, whether anything can be now said, that would give greater clearness and emphasis to the thought deminating the two parties in Pennsylvania.

The platforms of the respective conventions, the controlling influences by which their deliberations and action were shaped, and the exhaustive discussions of the proceedings and the candidates by the newspaper press of the entire country, unmistakably show that not only is the issue of the campaign irrevocably made up, but that it is clearly apprehended and will be directly met and decided by the people at the polls. In this connection I may venture the suggestion that we should not permit the contest to be diverted from its legitimate and true lines. All attempts to import issues from the field of National politics will be but an effort by those now on trial in Pennsylvania to distract public attention from themselves and their records to more remote subjects of party controversy.

Self-government (home rule) is now on trial in the Commonwealth. On one side stands the people with their Constitution and general interests; on the other stands a selfish and arrogant political leadership, self-constituted and defiant, and resolved to use the offices and treasury of the people as personal spoil. Between these must the voter choose. Confident that the Democratic party, its principles and candidates represent the right and just side of the controversy, I have no doubt of the popular verdict. We offer deeds, not vacant words, as the guaranty of our fidelity.

With the assurance of my profound appreciation of the honor conferred by the Democrats in choosing me as their candidate, I am respectfully yours,

ROBERT E. PATTISON.

The Democrats Have no Objection.

The Democrats are at least as well satisfied as the Republicans with the prospect of the passage of the Tariff bill. It was a good buffer against the Force bill, but with the latter bill out of the way, the Democrats will have no reason to wish to delay the passage of the former. The debate upon it which has come about, in spite of the childish resolution of the Republicans at first to abstain from discussion and let the Democrats do the talking, has helped the Democrats and hurt the Republicans. There has been, indeed, little serious manifestation in the Senate of the strong feeling against the bill which exists, especially among the Western and northern Republicans. Mr. Plumb is in a state of continual mutiny, and two or three other Senators have gone to the length of voting with the Democrats on certain amendments; but on the whole, the party in the Senate has kept together surprisingly well. Yet every day of the debate has increased the evidences of Republican dissatisfaction with the bill. Convention after convention in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Iowa, and Kansas has declared for reciprocity, thereby endorsing Mr. Blaine's candid condemnation of Mr. McKinley's bill. Influential Republican newspapers in half a dozen States have been firing away at the bill.

The Democrats, then, have good reason to be pleased with the Tariff bill. It seems to be making Democratic votes. It certainly has made a host of Republican kickers. Will the Republican sweeten the dose with reciprocity, and, if they do, will the Blaine sweet counterbalance the McKinley bitters?

The Democrats are well satisfied with Mr. McKinley's bill if Mr. Blaine is not allowed to interfere with it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Strike a Failure.

The refusal of the Supreme Council of the Federation of Railway Employes at Terre Haute, Ind., to order a strike of all the employes on the Vanderbilt system yesterday (Monday) probably ends the strike of the Knights of Labor on the New York Central Railway. The officers seem to have the road in fairly good working condition now and the strike, if maintained longer, would only be a strike in name.

The Supreme Council very wisely concluded that it would not be justified in paralyzing the entire transportation business of the country out of sympathy for a few discharged employes on a single line of road. The members of the Council and the organization they represented had no grievances of their own against the roads upon which they were employed, and to order a strike to right the grievances of others would only be to a greater wrong than that they were called upon to right.

Argue as the labor leaders may, the rights of the public are to be considered in the question of railway transportation. To order a strike that would affect almost the entire railway system of the Northern States would be a violation of the rights of the traveling and trading public which could only be justified by extraordinary reasons. That these reasons did not exist in this case is very apparent, and public sentiment, however much it may be in sympathy with organized labor in the struggle to secure its just rights, will sustain the refusal of the Supreme Council to engage in a strike that would be merely sympathetic.—*Phila Times.*

Is it a Panther?

Harrisburg, Pa., August 26.—A wild animal, supposed to be a panther escaped from a menagerie, has thrown the country around Dauphin into the greatest state of excitement.

Its first appearance was about two weeks ago, on the farm of Reilly Bogner, on the slope of Peter's Mountain. Towards midnight Bogner was aroused by a furious stampede of his cattle from the field in which he had put them to pasture.

Next day the hired man stumbled upon an animal, tawny in color, about seven feet long and higher than a good-sized shepherd dog. The animal appeared to have dined, for it merely snarled and fled. Within the next few days it was seen by several other people, and a regular reign of terror set in. No one ventures out after dark. During the day search parties, armed with rifles and shotguns, hunt for it in the places where its screaming were heard the preceding night, but thus far no trace of the brute has been be found.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's new Discovery for Consumption, Dr. Kings New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price if satisfactory results do not follow their use These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. For sale at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

THE crimes of poverty become the eccentricities of wealth.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Harrisburg has a population of 40,164, according to the official census figures.

—A Hungarian caught stealing at Plymouth was strung up on a tree, but he managed to cut the rope and escape.

—Abram Coburn, six feet five and a half inches tall, is the biggest man in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

—It is estimated that the accidents to various warships during the recent English naval manœuvres have cost the Government $1,250,000.

—The prune crop of California will be 15,000,000 pounds this year. As prices for dried fruits are steadily going upward, California will enjoy a big boom.

—In celebrating his ninth birthday at West Newton, Pa., Monday with a fire and an oil can, Johnny, son of Prof. E. E. Smith, was probably fatally burned.

—James Maeny, a prominent young man of Erie, went home Wednesday night under the influence of liquor, and while ascending the stairs fell to the bottom and received injuries from which he died.

—Clarence Graham, the 8-year old Saginaw boy who was shot and supposed to be fatally injured July 4, has lived since then by breathing and eating through a silver tube. The doctors now hope to save his life.

—A Plymouth, Mass., man who died recently at the age of 89 years, left a request that his cat, which had been his companion for many years, be killed and buried in the grave with him, and his wishes were carried out to the letter.

—About the only peach tree in Bucks County having any fruit upon it stands in the rear of the Doylestown *Democrat* office. The editor states that he has placed four bull-dogs and a howitzer loaded with rock salt under the tree.

—At Carbondale, Sunday, Mrs Wilson and her infant child were instantly killed by a falling tree. Mrs. Wilson, with the babe in her arms, was in the cemetery sitting on the grave of one of her children when the tree fell on them.

—On Thursday afternoon Mrs. William Marshman, of Granville township, Mifflin county, attempted to start a fire with coal oil. The oil ignited and she was burned to a crisp from her feet to her waist and cannot recover. She is aged 20 years, and has a husband and one child.

—While workmen were engaged in topping off a chimney on the new convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Baton Rouge, La., a bolt of lightning struck the chimney. The masonry was shattered and Hyppolite Behrill, colored, was instantly killed and the others seriously hurt.

—A retired English army officer of means is on a tour through the Western States of America. When he sat down to dinner a day or two ago he met with quite a surprise. The waiter who took his order was his son, who had run away from home to scalp Indians some seven years ago.

—A wonderful change has taken place in Kansas in the past year. Last summer it took five bushels of corn to get into a circus. This summer you can get into the main tent, stay to the concert, go to the sideshow, and get a picture of the Circassian beauty all for one bushel.

—While Misses Mame and Corel, daughters of Senator Quay, and Catherine, daughter of Jerome Quay, were out riding at Rochester, Pa., Monday, the horse attached to their dog cart started off at a rapid gait. In turning a corner the young ladies were thrown out and all were injured, but none dangerously.

—Three boys James and Willie O'Brien and Frank Gallaher—were swept by a gale nineteen miles out on Lake Superior, near Ashland, Wis., in a small boat on Sunday. Two of them swam for sixteen hours with one hand each on the gunwale of the boat, thus paddling it, while the third boy bailed out the boat with his hat. They were finally sighted and picked up by a passing vessel.

—A Belfast, Me., lawyer does considerable marrying and was heard to say to a young couple whom he had just married: "Married life in the best regulated families has its troubles, and should either of you come to the conclusion that you have made a mistake, don't forget to call on me and I'll get you a divorce cheaper than any other lawyer in town. That balance of 75 cents you owe me for marrying you, you can hand in at any time."

—A heavy rain has been falling at Sioux Falls, S. D., for the past twelve hours, the third soaking rain during the past few days. It has greatly interfered with threshing and farmers say will cause the grain to grow in stack. Very little grain has been threshed so far, and the yield is below the estimate based on the outlook before the harvest. Reports from thirty-two counties in this State show an average of only eight bushels for oats and nine for flax.

—The Board of Trade of Wilkesbarre has taken action looking to the relief of the sufferers by the cyclone of Tuesday last, and will meet early this week to raise funds. Meanwhile information as to the really needy and deserving cases is being gathered. There is no actual destitution beyond what the regular charity organizations can relieve. The worst sufferers are those poor people who have lost their homes. It will be the aim to help them rebuild.

—Details of a probable murder on the Chippewa Indian reservation in Wisconsin, Thursday night have been received. The victim was Mrs. A. L. Setter, wife of a French Lumberman living east of Hayward. An Indian woman named Larush called at the Setters' cabin to beg alms, but was refused. Attacking Mrs. Setter with her fists and nails, she inflicted fatal injuries. The squaw was rather unwillingly given up by the other Indians and was taken to jail at Hayward.

—On a Western and Atlantic train that pulled out of Atlanta Monday, was a negro woman who had paid her fare to Chattanooga. When on the outskirts of the city her 25-cent straw hat was blown through a window. She jumped up and pulled the bell cord. The train stopped, and when the conductor rushed into the coach he saw the woman disappearing through the opposite door. While the woman was chasing her straw hat over the meadows the train pulled out and left her behind.

—Milton Petrie, an Alleghany grocer, was shot and dangerously injured by a burglar who entered his house at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning. Mr. Petrie heard the burglar down stairs, and went out on the landing to scare him away. The burglar saw Petrie, and shouting, "I've got you now; I've been waiting a long time for this," began shooting. One of the balls struck Mr. Petrie in his breast, and the burglar escaped. He secured a considerable sum of money. The police think they will capture the burglar. Petrie is still alive but will probably die.

—A runaway car on the Mt. gravity railroad, which ascends the mountain near Reading, Pa., dashed down a five-mile declivity at 11 o'clock on Friday morning. The accident occured at the Horse Shoe Bend, the second grove from the city, while the train was coming down by gravity. At the foot of the plane it jumped the track and landed upside down at the bottom of a fifty-foot embankment with the passengers imprisoned within the car. Doctors and ambulances were hurriedly sent for. Four persons were taken out dead and a number injured.

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TRIAL LIST.
SECOND WEEK IN SEPTEMBER.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bk. ..... vs. Anna.
Butterbaugh ..... vs. Cunningham.
Sloan ..... vs. McMullen et al.
Fisher ..... vs. Kager et al.
Van Blair ..... vs. Gallagher.
Pringle ..... vs. Pringle.
King ..... vs. Cook.
Wyland ..... vs. Kinports.
Bowman ..... vs. Hornhart.
Cresswell ..... vs. Cole.
Farber ..... vs. Haywood Coal Co.
Irvin ..... vs. Gill.
Irvin ..... vs. Kutruff.
Kline ..... vs. Elliott.
Hagan ..... vs. Litzinger.
Miller ..... vs. Storm et al.
Ann ..... vs. Notley.
Admrs. of Rubritz ..... vs. Custer.
Gallagher ..... vs. Baker.
Gallaher ..... vs. Baker.
Malchonson ..... vs. Loughry.
Steward & Co. ..... vs. Gittings.
Hall, Sawyer, Glase & Co. ..... vs. Parrish.
Wilson ..... vs. Myers & Reade.
Creary ..... vs. Haugh.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothy's. Office, Aug. 8, 1890. Prothonotary.

TRIAL LIST.
THIRD WEEK IN SEPTEMBER (SPECIAL).

Martin ..... vs. McDade.
Saxman ..... vs. Carroll.
Reade ..... vs. Knepper heirs.
Fringle ..... vs. Pringle.
Kerr & Co. ..... vs. Brown.
Brinker ..... vs. Parrish.
Potters Co-operative Co. ..... vs. McGough.
Kerr & Co. ..... vs. Yinger.
Runkle ..... vs. Vondelier & Keene.
Westover ..... vs. Howers.
Same ..... vs. Same.
Flick ..... vs. Adams.
Remmerly ..... vs. Lilly Mdse. Co.
Glasgow ..... vs. Shoemaker.
Hall, Sawyer, Glase & Co. ..... vs. McGonigle.
Same ..... vs. Wilhelm & McGonigle.
McVey ..... vs. Suppes.
McLawley ..... vs. Vaughn.
Miller & Co. ..... vs. Vaughn.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothy's. Office Aug. 8, 1890. Prothonotary.

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August 15th, 1890-3t. Attorney for Petitioner.

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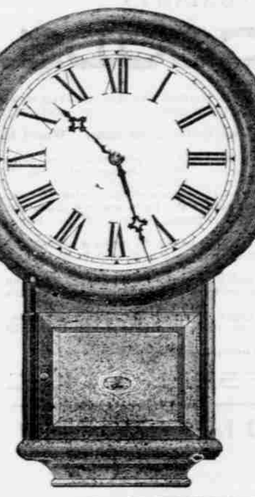

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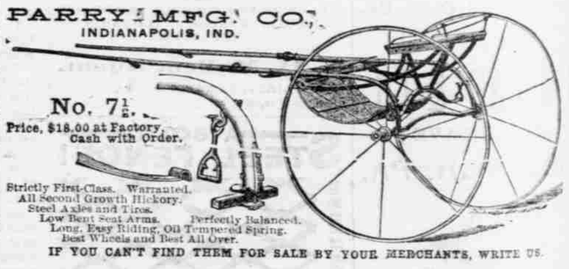

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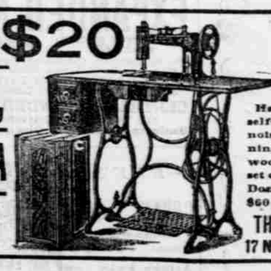

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

—Michael Shelly and wife, each aged nearly 80 years and very wealthy, who reside alone on a farm six miles southwest of Wooster, Ohio, were robbed of $4,000 by masked burglars on Saturday. The men, four in number, used a heavy plank as a battering ram, forcing the door from its hinges. Going to the bedroom of the old couple, who had been aroused by noise, they held revolvers to their heads and demanded the key to a bureau drawer. Mr. Shelly showed fight, and, with a 10-year-old grandson, was bound to a chair with binder twine. A chisel in the hands of the one who appeared to be familiar with the premises was used in opening the drawer containing the money. When leaving one of them said: "Sit still till morning. John's horse is in the barn. He will come up and untie you." This fact and several other incidents go to show that the job was committed by home talent.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY. - AUGUST 29, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—School begins next week.

—The public schools open on Monday.

—It is said that the chestnut crop will be light.

—Joseph Hogus, of Allegheny township, was in town on Wednesday.

—Rev. Thomas Davis, returned home from Beech, on Saturday evening.

—Miss Shields, of Loretto, was among friends in our town on Thursday.

—J. H. Kittell, of Bellefonte, was among friends in Ebensburg on Monday.

—Berries are selling in this market at 10 cents a basket, or four peaches for twenty-five cents.

—Mr. William Tomlinson, of Allegheny City, will spend a few hours in town on business to-day.

—Joseph A. Warner, of Chest township, will be a visitor to the FREEMAN office on Monday.

—Wheat in Northumberland county the past year is said to have yielded from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre.

—The wheat crop of Lancaster county is said to average from fourteen to eighteen bushels per acre.

—Frank McPike, of Pittsburg, accompanied by his wife and child, is visiting friends in Ebensburg.

—The season for shooting squirrels begins on the 15th inst. It is said that there are very few squirrels, however.

—J. B. Marts, of Delaney, was in town on Saturday and dropped in and subscribed for the FREEMAN.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Evans, of South Fork, was in town on Wednesday visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis, early part of this week.

—John J. Greer, a well-known printer of this place, died at his home in Altoona on Thursday last in the 61th year of his age.

—The third annual convention of Commissioners of Pennsylvania will be held in Williamsport on Tuesday, Nov. 11.

—Big hearted, large hearted and good hearted John Somerville, of Susquehanna township, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—It is probable that the citizens of Altoona will vote on the question of a $200,000 loan with which to build a new reservoir with a capacity of 370,000,000 gallons.

—Mr. McDonald, of Lloydsville, one day last week while out driving, was thrown out of his vehicle by his horse running off and breaking a broken collar bone and other injuries.

—Monday is the last day for getting the benefit of 5 per cent. off your taxes. After the first one month, you can pay the full amount, and then if not paid, 5 per cent will be added.

—Piso's Cure cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Simmons, 401 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease after one operation or delay from business not necessary, recommended by thousands of cures after all else fails.

—Mr. Simon Schroth and wife, formerly of Ebensburg, but who for the past twelve years have been residents of Kansas, are visiting Carrollitown on a visit to relatives and friends.

—A game of base ball played in this place on Thursday afternoon between the Ebensburg and the club from this place, resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 17 to 5.

—Early last night about 20 tramps attacked the Pennsylvania Railroad Night Express, at Greensburg, Pa., boarded the cars and robbed him of $20 in money, a watch, and a revolver.

—Master Johnston, son of Judge Johnston, of this place, had his collar bone broken on Wednesday afternoon by being thrown from a horse while out riding on the road to Loretto.

—Mrs. Pat. McGovern, and her bright little son James, who had been visiting the family of Mr. J. G. C. Bearer, of Carroll township, for the past few weeks, departed for their home in Tyrone, on Monday.

—Have a speedy and positive Cure for Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Hoarseness, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A few doses will relieve. Use it freely. Gives health and sweet breath.

—The outbreak of a malignant type is reported in different portions of Mt. Pleasant township, Westmoreland county, despite the persistent endeavors of the authorities to check its progress, it is spreading.

—Rev. Mr. Donohoe was attending services at Mt. Pleasant one day last week when a mischievous person stole all the tires from his buckwagon. Two of the tires were found afterward, and two are missing.

—Mr. Charles Blair and wife, and their daughter and Recorder Blair, who have been for a couple of weeks at the latter's home on Saturday, left Mr. Blair and his wife, were accompanied on the trip.

—Mr. Peter Hunt, of Reade township, lost a valuable horse last Thursday night. The horse in the field it wandered on the line of the Pennsylvania and Northwestern road and a freight came along and struck the animal, killing it outright.

—A disfigured cloud suddenly descended from the heavens at Altoona and did considerable damage to the buildings of the Driving Park on Wednesday evening, demolishing them and causing considerable loss to the association. The buildings will be rebuilt at once.

—Mr. Hileman, of Altoona, who figured in a fight near Cresson a few weeks ago, in which one of the principals and came out second best, was knocked out in the fifth round of a scheduled fifteen-round prizefight at Harrisburg with Jack Dempsey, of Philadelphia, on Saturday night.

—Mr. Harrison and family have returned to Cresson. It is said that Mr. Harrison will arrive at Cresson to-day (Friday) at 4:30 p. m., on a special car from Chicago Limited, while the rest will not get there until a week later.

—If you let the Canada thistles grow on your premises you are liable to a fine one half of which goes to the man who will cut out the thistle, a neighbor for the work and charge you $2 a day for your time.

—The meeting of the county convention of the Labor party, of Indiana county, was held in Indiana, a resolution was passed endorsing Robert E. Pattison for Governor, Capt. Jacob Creps, of Rayne township, was nominated Congress together with a county ticket.

—Mr. Peter Hunter, a resident of Johnstown passed through the Henry Auction Company's store on Clinton street the other day, and while one of the flood displayed in the window he recognized his father's watch. He wrote to James McMillan, a member of the committee, proved his claim and the watch was returned to its owner.

—There are one hundred and twenty-five criminal cases on the list for trial at the first week of September court.

—At Wheeler, Fayette county, on Thursday of last week, an entire orchard was wiped from the face of the earth by a terrible storm which passed over that section. Not a single tree remained.

—The residence of Jacob Cox, near Bellwood, Blair county, was burglarized on Thursday evening, of last week and $450 stolen. The money belonged to Samuel Cox, and was taken from a bureau drawer.

—A coal train while descending the eastern slope of the mountain on the Bells Gap railroad on Thursday of last week, jumped the track in the vicinity of Bellwood wrecking the entire train and injuring three brakemen, but luckily not seriously.

—Some counties in Pennsylvania actually show a decrease of population since 1880. This is the case with Wayne, Monroe and Pike counties, which have a decrease of 800, 300 and 275 respectively. Susquehanna county has been at a stands still since 1880.

—Jacob Taylor, of Tod township, Huntingdon county, has suffered long from rheumatism, and now as a result, one of his his limbs is gradually dying. Amputation is necessary to save his life, but on account of his extreme old age the operation is very dangerous and he will not consent to it.

—A new mail route has been established between Ebensburg, and Kimmel, Indiana county. The route is by way of Velera and Nicktown and leaves Ebensburg on Tuesdays and Saturdays. Velera is the name of the new post office at Evans' mill, eight miles northwest of Ebensburg.

—A railroad laborer at Williamsport while pulling an old tie from under the rails lost his hold and fell. At the same moment a pick in the hands of another man was brought down, the sharp point entering the prostrate man's spine. His extremities are paralyzed and his condition is serious.

—A dispatch from Clearfield to the Pittsburg *Times*, on Monday says: A deal has been closed for the purchase of 10,000 acres of coal land from the Beech Creek Railroad Company, the price paid being $400,000. John Patton, of Curwensville, closed the contract. The land extends from Westover to near Coalport.

—Judges Mayer and Buher, Democrats, and Judge Rockafeller, Republican, in a recent decision of a contest for Judge in Lycoming county, decided that the payment of poll taxes by any others than the individual voter is illegal unless the voter distinctly ratifies the payment by accepting the receipt thirty days before the election.

—James Bramblay is treasurer of Rostraver township, Westmoreland county. Burglars broke into his house and carried off a lot of valuables and the tax duplicate of the township. This places him in a bad plight as he does not know who has paid taxes, and will have to rely on the honesty of the taxpayers to step up and settle.

—Three young ladies, daughters of George Mitchell, of Perry Valley, killed thirty snakes one day last week while picking berries. William Coombe and son and James Titler, while chopping wood on Tuscarora mountain also killed thirty-five copperheads, which they found coiled up in a log the other day.—*Perry County Democrat.*

—Miss Etta Bearer, daughter of Mr. J. G. C. Bearer, of Carroll township, received the habit of the Benedictine Order, on Tuesday August the 12, at 6 o'clock A. M. at St. Mary's Convent, in Allegheny, Pa., and will be known in the religious world as Sister M. Agatha O. S. B. Among those present were Rev. F. J. Eger, of New castle, Pa., her father and sister, Miss Elmira.

—On Saturday evening Undertaker Henderson received from Baker's Furnace a box containing some human bones, supposed to be those of a flood victim. The feet were encased in low-cut spring-heel lady's shoes. A sample of blue calico with white dots and some light brown hair accompanied the bones. The remains are numbered 569 on the morgue register.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Thomas Anderson, the lowest bidder on the stone work for the new county bridge to be built at Mineral Point, has up to this time failed to turn up and the work has not been let. The bid put in gives his residence as Chest Springs, but people acquainted in that part of the county say there is no such man in that neighborhood. The Commissioners will hold the giving out of the contract until September 1st.

—Thursday afternoon of last week, while Mrs. Sauerson was sitting at the rear of her home on Railroad street, Johnstown, some young men who were shooting mark near by sent a bullet crashing through a window near where she was sitting with a two-months old infant in her arms, but fortunately not hitting either of them. This careless handling of weapons should be stopped or some terrible accident will result.

—The twenty-first anniversary of the Cambria County Sabbath-School Association will be held in Ebensburg on Thursday and Friday, September 18th and 19th. The address of welcome will be made by Alvin Evans, Esq., and will be responded to by N. S George, of South Fork. Delegates upon their arrival will report to the Committee on Entertainment at the Presbyterian Church, when they will be assigned to their respective places.

—Mr. Andrew Strittmatter, on Friday last while taking off some boards from the top of a high pile of lumber at his lumber yard near the station, slipped and fell to the ground a distance of eight or ten feet, alighting on his back. Although when he got up he thought he was but slightly hurt, we understand that on his arrival home he felt his injuries much more and was scarcely able to turn in bed the next day. He is since improving and will soon be able to be about again.

—The Blair county Democratic convention met at Hollidaysburg on Monday and nominated the following ticket: Congress, T. H. Greevy, Altoona; Assembly, O. J. McAllister, Huston, D. J. Wallen, Altoona; Commissioners, C. B. Jones, Gaysport, and E. Klush, Snyder; Poor Director, George D. Smith, Huston; Auditors, James Condron and D. J. Hackett, Altoona; Chairman of the County Committee, Thomas J. Burke, Altoona; Member of the State Committee, John A. Doyle, Altoona.

—The races for the Cambria County Agricultural Fair to be held in Carrolltown on September 9th to 12th are all filled, comprising the best horses in Cambria and adjoining counties. The races will far exceed any ever held there while the other features will be on a grander scale than formerly. The Loretto Cornet and other bands will enliven the occasion. The management of the Association has spared time nor means to make the Fair the best ever held in the county.

—Mrs. Mary T. Meisel and George E. Meisel, executors of Thomas Meisel, have had posters printed at this office for the sale of the personal property of the decedent at his late residence in Carroll township, on Thursday, September, 18th, 1890, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The property consists of cows, cattle, calves, 2 work mares, 2 two-year-old colts, 1 yearling colt, 5 hogs, wagons, threshing machine, mowing machine, horse rake, windmill, cutting box, corn sheller, plows, harrows, harness, hay by the ton, rye and oats by the bushel, corn in the field, potatoes, etc. Also household and kitchen furniture.

—A girl named Hettie Byers, of Grapeville, Westmoreland county, was attacked by a large rat the other day while feeding chickens, and so terribly bitten it is thought she will die, propably from blood poisoning.

—A picnic for the benefit of St. Thomas' Catholic Church, of Ashville, will be held on the picnic grounds at that place on Saturday, August 30th and Monday, September 1st. Everyone is cordially invited to attend and have a good time. The committee in charge have made every arrangement for an enjoyable picnic and in case of bad weather the Hall at Ashville will be used. Dinner and supper on the ground. Don't fail to attend.

—The Johnstown Daily *Democrat* last week celebrated its second birthday. The Democrat beside surmounting the usual trials, tribulations, obstacles and vexatious incident to the establishment of a new paper had the ever-memorable flood of 30 May 1889 to contend with, when its office was swept away. It soon emerged however, from that disastrous visitation of Providence, and is now one of the best little inland dailies in the State, growing better with each succeeding issue and we hope proving a mine of wealth to its deserving editor and proprietor, L. D. Woodruff. Success to the Daily *Democrat*.

—Just before going to press we learn of the death of Mr. Florien Bengele, an aged and respected citizen of Loretto. Mr. Bengele had been suffering for some time past with gangrene in the foot and some time ago had one of his toes amputated. His death occurred on Wednesday night. He was eighty years of age and has been a resident of Loretto for over twenty years, being the proprietor of the well-known Bengele Hotel. He leaves a wife and several children, among whom Mr Joseph Bengele, the well-known merchant of Gallitzin, and Mr. F. J. Bengele who is a resident of Omaha, Nebraska.

—While the borough council is pondering over the question as to where to locate the new water works, why not take into consideration the feasibility of tapping the Blacklick creek west of town, near what is known as Todd's meadow. There they have an abundant supply of water for years to come. The building of the new dam five years ago was a piece of folly that can only be equalled and repeated by building another dam on the next smallest stream of water. If the council wants water it should go to the largest stream for its supply. If it wants to build a new dam every five years, there are several locations that they should take into consideration in fooling away the people's money.

—Soon after Harry Marsh was locked up in the Ebensburg jail for the murder of Clara Shakshaft, some of his Gallitzin friends undertook to raise a purse for his defense. They succeeded in collecting about $100 and had contracted with a lawyer to look after the prisoner's interests. They paid the lawyer part of his fee and agreed to pay the remainder at a certain time. Instead, however, of handing over the remainder of the fee, they wrote the attorney saying they had concluded to retain the money to pay Marsh's funeral expenses. This, of course, terminated the lawyers connection with the case, and Marsh is now without counsel. It is presumed one will be assigned him by the Court.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Isn't it strange that not one cook in fifty, nor housekeeper, either, knows how to boil an egg? And yet most people think they know this simple matter. They will tell you to drop it into boiling water and let it remain three minutes, and to be sure the water is boiling. Here is where the mistake is made. An egg so prepared is hardly fit for a well person, let alone one one who is sick, to eat. The moment it is thrown into boiling water the white hardens and toughens. To boil an egg properly put it in a vessel, cover with cold water, place it oye the fire, and the second the water begins to boil your egg is done. The white is as delicate as a jelly, and as easily digested and nutricious, as it should be.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs ar evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They ordered forty tons of marble which arrived in April, and now have as fine, if not the finest, stock on the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in the line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

—On Thursday evening of last week Edward Shoemaker, of this place, started to drive to Cresson with two horses and a buggy. When about two miles from town, at the foot of the hill near the Hanger farm, the team became unmanageable, upset the buggy threw Mr. Shoemaker out and ran off. After running a quarter of a mile the team ran into a buggy going in the same direction which was occupied by William Ludwig and wife, of this place. Mr. Ludwig was thrown out and his team ran off dragging him a short distance by the lines, when his buggy upset, throwing Mrs. Ludwig out. Mr. Ludwig's team became detached from the vehicle when it upset and after running a short distance, stopped. The first runaway team, when they struck Mr. Ludwig's buggy were thrown off their feet, became tangled up in the harness and were caught by Mr. William Carney, who happened to be on the road at the time. Mr. Shoemaker, and Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig, were all considerably bruised and scratched but fortunately, escaped serious injury. The horses in both teams escaped uninjured. Both vehicles were badly wrecked, that of Mr. Ludwig, faring worse than that of Mr. Shoemaker.

The Best

medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past obliges us to admit that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symtoms yield to it.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Fetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, August 27, 1890.

John Luckart and Annie Novogradet, Johnstown.

William Ebig, Gallitzin and Laura Bebe, Loretto.

George Kerl and Barbara Snyder, Johnstown.

Matthew Eckenrode and Matilda Shettig, Carroll township.

William Aschom and Lenora Naylor, Coopersdale.

Frederick Greenwood and Mary C. Navin, Johnstown.

David G. Mack, Conemaugh and Ida M. Thompson, Taylor township.

William E. Raux and Lottie Smeed, Chest township, Clearfield county.

Matthew Connor and Mary Cronin, Johnstown.

William H. Witt, Morrellville and Mary Rachael Selgh, Sheridan.

William A. Schmidt and Lizzie Stork, Johnstown.

Harry D. Fisher and Laura M. Geddes, Johnstown.

John Lee George and Alice Mosey, Portage township.

Walter J. Davis, Johnstown and Rosie E Hawbaker, Huntingdon.

Henry Dill and Amelia Dill, Johnstown.

S. L. Varner, South Fork and Eliza A. Hampton, Johnstown.

Jacob Conrad and Annie Mertz, Johnstown.

John Kristi and Mary Kactiksi, Johnstown.

John Ryan, Hastings and Lucinda Kirkpatrick, Elder townseip.

Robbery at Lilly.

On Saturday evening, while the family of Mr. Evan Griffith, of Lilly, were absent at church, thieves entered the house and took therefrom something over three hundred dollars in money, Mr. Griffith being uncertain as to the exact amount. The entrance to the house was effected by raising a window, and as nothing in the house was disturbed, the family on their return from church were unaware of the robbery and did not discover their loss until Monday morning, when on entering the millinery store of the Misses Griffiths, daughters of Mr. Griffith, and in the same building, it was found that the money drawer was pulled out, and emptied of its contents, amounted to about fifteen dollars. A further examination resulted in the discovery that about three hundred dollars had been taken from a trunk in the bedroom of Mr. Griffith. As yet there is but very little, if any clue to the robbers but the supposition that it was done by some one who was acquainted with the premises and aware that the family were at church, seems to be well founded and may lead to the detection of the guilty party.

Since the above was in type we learn that a young man named George Lingerfelt was arrested on Tuesday, suspected of being connected with the robbery, and on Wednesday was given a hearing and brought to jail to await trial for the offence. Lingerfelt is a resident of of Lilly and had formerly worked for Mr. Griffith.

Slick Swindlers.

The following dispatch from Brookville shows now a citizen of Jefferson county was swindled out of a nice sum of money: "Two strangers hired a horse and buggy at a livery stable here and drove out to the farm of Joseph Matson, in Union township, where they entered into negotiations for the purchase of Mr. Matson's farm. The sale was soon arranged, Matson to receive $6,000 cash. The purchasers then produced a New York sight draft for $8,000, but Matson did not have enough money to give the difference, and they prevailed upon him to drive into town and get the amount, which he did by discounting a note at the Jefferson County Bank and borowing the balance.

Supplied with $1350, Matson hastened back to consummate the sale, the purchasers meeting him at a spring some distance from the house, where he dismounted to take a drink, when the men produced revolvers and by threatening to shoot their victim, forced him to hand over the $1350. They then jumped into the buggy and drove off, presumably on the afternoon train.

Matson was so badly frightened and chagrined that he did not even tell his own family of his loss until a late hour that night, and even then did not make his loss known publicly, thus giving the sharpers plenty of time to get away with the money."

Encampment of G. A. R. and Pennsylvania Reserve Association.

For persons desiring to attend the annual Encampment of the G. A. R. Department of Pennsylvania and Pennsylvania Reserve Association, to be held at Gettysburg, Pa., August 30th to September 5th inclusive, the railroad company will sell upon the presentation of a card order, which may be obtained from Capt. J. McCormick, Pennsylvania Reserve Association, City Hall, Philadelphia, and Capt. S. P. Town, 1025 Arch Street, Philadelphia, G. A. R. Department of Pennsylvania excursion tickets to Gettysburg and return at a single fare for the round trip, from August 29th to September 3d, good to return until September 6th. Children between five and twelve years half rates. This low rate will enable many to take advantage of this opportunity of visiting one of a scene of the greatest historic interest.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Deafness on the Decrease in England.

LONDON, August 28.—The recent introduction in England of the sound discs, invented by A. H. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., bids fair to perceptibly decrease deafness throughout the British Isles.

NOTICE TO PERSONS
DESIRING TO INVEST IN

Borough Bonds!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds in the amount of $6,000.00, in sums of $100.00 each, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free from taxation so far as the individual holders are concerned. Persons desiring to invest in such securities will please make known at once to the undersigned or Fergus C. Lloyd, Deputy Bursess, the amount or number of such bonds they wish to purchase. These bonds will be sold to the first purchasers presenting themselves, hence the necessity of promptness in making known the number of bonds desired. R. E. EVANS,
Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1890. Burgess.

FOR SALE.

Four SHROPSHIRE BUCK LAMBS. These sheep are considered the best mutton sheep that are raised. Also have heavy fleeces of wool of a fine quality. For further information address me at Tyrone, Pa. REUBEN FOX.
au29

STRAY NOTICE.
Came to the residence of the subscriber in Clearfield township on the 16th day of August, 1890, a dark red cow with a white spot on her face, points of horns sawed off, and supposed to about 8 years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. SILAS M. DOUGLASS.
au29

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

Register's Notice.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS HAVE been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees and all others interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation and allowance on

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3D, 1890.

1. First and final account of Bridget McDermitt, administratrix of James McDermitt, late of Clearfield township, deceased.
2. First and final account of D. D. Morrell, administrator of Mrs. Marion T. M. Diller, late of Johnstown, deceased.
3. First and final account of John Gruber, administrator of Annie Schaller, late of Woodvale, deceased.
4. First and final account of John Gruber, administrator, of Elenora Schaller, late of Woodvale, deceased.
5. First and final account of George E. Hamilton, administrator of Jacob Hamilton, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
6. First and final account of William Amsler, administrator of Frederick Amsler, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
7. Second and final account of J. L. Metzger, administrator of David Metzger, Cambria county, deceased.
8. Final account of William H. Kirkbride, administrator of Nahlon Kirkbride, late of Johnstown deceased.
9. First and final account of Levi Good, administrator of Francis A. Stiles, late of Cambria county, deceased.
10. The account of Elizabeth Black and W. H. Settlemyer, administrators of Daniel Black, late of Summerhill township, deceased.
11. First and final account of Levi A. Weaver, administrator of S. T. Blough, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
12. First and final account of W. H. Settlemyer, administrator of George Settlemyer, late of Summerhill township, deceased.
13. First and final account of James Irwin and Alexander Irwin, executors of Martha C. Wilson, late of Lower Yoder township, deceased.
14. First and final account of Lizzie J. Custer, administratrix of William H. Custer, late of Millville borough, deceased.
15. First and final account of Andrew J. Akers, administrator of Alvar Akers, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased.
16. First and partial account of David R. Hess, administrator of Elizabeth Unveraght, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
17. First and final account of John Burket, guardian of Isabella Schonviski, a minor child of John Schonviski, late of Cambria borough, deceased.
18. First and final account of Mary B. Mouse, administratrix of Frederick Mouse, late of Croyle township, deceased.
19. First and final account of John Burket, guardian of Augustave Schonviski, a minor child of John Schonviski, late of Cambria borough, deceased.
20. First and final account of John Burket, guardian of Imerick Schonviski, a minor child of John Schonviski, late of Cambria borough deceased.
21. First and final account of Frederick Kring, guardian of Emma Kring, minor child of Gideon Kring, late of Adams township, deceased.
22. First and final account of George Kelper, administrator of Frederick Wm. Hoffman, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.
23. First and final account of Jno. G. Masterton, administrator of Wm. Masterton, late of Cambria county, deceased.
24. First and final account of Thomas C. Coleman, administrator of Charles Marshall, late of Cambria county, deceased.
25. First and final account of Justina Wacker, administratrix of Conrad Wacker, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
26. First and final account of John Butler, administrator of Robert Butler, late of Johnstown, deceased.
27. First and final account of Edwin Burkhart, administrator of Barbara Cobaugh, late of Jackson township, deceased.
28. First and final account of John H. Brown, administrator C. T. A. of William Layton, late of Johnstown, deceased.
29. First and final account of Julius Wild, administrator of Mary Diehl, late of Conemaugh borough deceased.
30. Second and final account of Charles S. Ruth, administrator of C. Elsaesser, late of Johnstown, deceased.
31. First and final account of John H. Brown, administrator of Joseph R. Moore, late of Stonycreek township, deceased.
32. Second and final account of Catharine Schroth, executrix of John Schroth, late of Wilmore borough, deceased.
33. First and final account of John C Bradley, executor of Catharine Bradley, late of Carroll township, deceased.
34. First and final account of John Whalen, executor of Patrick Cogan, late of South Fork, deceased.
35. Account of Thomas J Hughes, administrator of Elizabeth Davis Evans, late of Johnstown, deceased.
36. Second and final account of M. Fitzharris, administrator of Christopher Fitzharris, late of Johnstown, deceased.
37. First and partial account J. S. Osborne, surviving administrator of George W. Osborne, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased.
38. Supplemental account to the first and final account of John Vozel, administrator, of Joseph Myers, late of Cambria City, deceased.
39. First and partial account of John Reinhart, executor of Alexander Reckert, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
40. First and final account of Eliza Roos, administrix of John Roos, late of Conemaugh borough deceased.
41. First and final account of Herman Baumer, administrator of H. G. Rose, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
42. First and final account of Lena Schnurr, administratrix of Charles Schnurr, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased
43. Final account of Levi J. Prosser, administrator of David Prosser, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
44. First and final account of B. F. Heidenthal, administrator of Elizabeth Baumer, late of Woodvale borough deceased.
45. First and final account of George Woods, administrator of John M. Johnston, late of Johnstown, deceased.
46. Second and final account of Daniel Fitzpatrick, executor of Mary Fitzpatrick, late of Cambria borough, deceased.
47. First and final account of Otto F. Nickel, administrator, etc., D. B. N. of Chas. T. Schubert, administrator of Antonia Shael, late of Johnstown, deceased.
48. First and final account of Slater W. Allen, executor of Adam Kuntz, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased.
49. First and final account of Henry Hesselbein, administrator of Lewis C. Hesselbein, late of Conemaugh, deceased.
50. First and final account of Charles Maneval, guardian of Clara Kast, deceased, a daughter of Charles and Charlotte Kast, both deceased, late of Johnstown.
51. First and final account of George Kelper, administrator of Gottfried Hoffman, late of Johnstown, deceased.
52. First and final account of Dwight Roberts, executor of Howard J. Roberts, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
53. First and final account of Thomas D. Davis, administrator of Jonathan Goodwin, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
54. Second and final account of Mary R. Campbell and C. C. Campbell, administrators of Jacob M. Campbell, late of Johnstown deceased.
55. First account of William Johns, guardian of Richard Robert Davis, a minor child of Robert D., deceased.
Martha M. and Vida E., minor children of Richard O'Neil, deceased.
56. Second account of John D. Roberts, guardian of Lillian Phillips, minor child of Peter E. Phillips, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
57. First and final account of George Wild, administrator of Jacob Wild, late of Johnstown, deceased.
58. First account of John D. Roberts, guardian of Louis DeSaque Dibert, minor child of Mary L. R. Dibert, late of the borough of Johnstown, deceased.
59. First and partial account of John Yeagert, executor of Ferdinand Neatrauer, late of Richland township, deceased.
60. First and final account of Henry Hesselbein, administrator of Charles F. Hesselbein, late of Conemaugh, deceased.
61. First and final account of Henry C. Hesselbein, administrator of Maria Kimple, late of Johnstown, deceased.
62. First and final account of Anna McGarity, administratrix of James McGarity, late of Washington township, deceased.
63. First and final account of Thomas D. Evans, administrator of James B. Howard, late of Ebensburg, deceased.
64. First and final account of J. B. O'Connor, administrator of James B. Howard, late of Johnstown, deceased.
65. First account of Otto Huebner, administrator C. T. A. of Christian Kimple, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.
66. First and final account of Thomas F. Brady, administrator of John Brady, Esq., late of Johnstown, deceased.
67. First and final account of Abram B. Clifford, administrator of Elizabeth R. Beam, late of Johnstown Borough, deceased.
68. The account of James F. Thomas, guardian of Morris Constable, one of the minor children and heirs of Jane Constable, deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR,
Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., Aug. 8, 1890.

EVERYBODY in Cambria county should read the FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year.

What's in a Name?

Shakespeare says: "A rose without a name would smell as sweet." Nevertheless, just at the dawn of the XXth century, in the year of grace 1890, there's quite a great deal in a name.

A Clothier without a name and reputation is heavily handicapped in the race for trade. People like to buy from dealers whose established reputation is a guarantee of fairness and honesty.

Our name—SIMON, THE CLOTHIER—cost oceans of money and months of toil and experiment to make it what it is to-day—and it's cheap at the price. It is the standard of excellence, the guarantee of supreme superiority, and it stamps every garment which bears this label { GUS SIMON, } as being the BEST that man can produce. Our name has a { FINE CLOTHING. } value to you. The reputation of a Clothier is the accumulated evidence of many transactions with many customers. A good name can only be founded on continued "merit in merchandise." Our merchandise is always meritorious. The value of anything is what it will bring in the market. When a manufacturer gets an advanced price for his product, he gets it because it is worth it. Our goods command high prices but we invariably sell them low, as we not only gain a reputation thereby but also the customer. Some men cavil and say, "You pay extra for the name." So do you! It's worth it. When a man's reputation commands a higher price it's always because it's worth it. By his reputation one man can borrow money at 4 per cent.; another must pay 8. The act is the same, the money the same, but one is secure and the other is not. Reputation makes the difference.

When you buy our goods you get our good name with them. It is blended in with every seam and button hole. You get the name and more, you get the quality that made the name—Best quality.

Cling tightly to this word "quality." Hold it up and examine it, study it and think about it. The profits of the clothing business are seemingly locked in an impregnable vault, but the combination unlocks at the word "quality." Experience will teach you that by the workings of the law of compensation, all things cost about the same. Your loss of trade and reputation on inferior goods makes them cost as much as the best.

You get what you pay for. The only question is, which method will pay you? Will you buy the best and have it, or will you play at money-making and buy trash and lose trade?

Largely successful merchants in the clothing trade now-a-days deal only in the best qualities. Every great success has been built on this foundation. Permanent success requires reputation. Count over the big men of the trade—there's the proof.

Reputation can only be secured in one way—buy and sell best qualities and let the customers tell the story. It is the best advertising and the cheapest you ever did.

Our customers will talk about the kind of Clothes we keep, as there's so much in them to talk about—the fit, the fabric, the fashion. That extreme FINENESS or FINISH you can't find in other makes.

And the good things they'll say about the clothes they'll say about us—if you buy 'em. Merchant and merchandise are always classed together. Bad, good or best, only one "best" in Clothing—our's, Simon's.

We're ready for Fall. Why not let our good name be your mascot for the season? Drop in and see us. You know where my store is. We'll we glad to see you, or if you can't come to see us, send us word and we'll call on you at home. By buying Groceries, Clothing, etc., of us you save lots of money by the transaction—a fact which you do not realize when you buy elsewhere in town.

GUS. SIMON,
Gallitzin's Cheapest Cash Merchant and Retailer at Wholesale Prices

A Philadelphia Lawyer

Prominent in his profession, says: "Don't put my name in print but refer any one you wish to me, and I will gladly tell what the *Russian Rheumatism Cure* has done for me."

This gentleman was so lame one would have thought him a cripple, and yet Three Days' use of our remedy straightened him out all right.

Mr. G. W. Barrs, a leading manufacturer of Wilmington, Del., writes Dec. 17th, '89: "From the first day I began to use the Russian Rheumatism Cure, relief followed and my comfort daily increased. The use of my limbs became more and more natural until I felt no discomfort either walking or working. I know of nothing which has so quick and wondrous an effect."

One of Philadelphia's oldest merchants, Mr. C. G. Bocarius, residing 636 Main Street, Germantown, says: "The Russian Rheumatism Cure has taken all the pain out of my daughter's arm and neck. She had suffered greatly with it for months.

We have testimony of this sort sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical. But if you have the Rheumatism you want relief rather than testimony. You can get it—quick, sure, permanent, by sending for the

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials free. Price $2.50. If registered, 10c. additional.

One Box does the business. RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE. None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

BESSEMER BOOT
H. CHILDS & CO
PITTSBURGH, PA.
SOLE-LEATHER-COUNTER,
WILL-NOT-RUN-OVER.
ALL-SOLID-LEATHER.
EVERY-PAIR-WARRANTED.

NOTICE.
IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF CAMBRIA CO.
To the Heirs and legal Representatives of Thomas Duncan, deceased:
GREETING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of the Orphans' Court to be held at Ebensburg, on the first Monday of September next, then and there to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Thomas Duncan, deceased at the appraised valuation put upon it by an inquest duly awarded by the said Court, or show cause why same should not be sold.
J. C. STINEMAN,
Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., August 8, '90.3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters of administration upon the estate of A. J. Carsety, late of Loretto, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement.
J. B. DENNY,
Administrator of A. J. Carsety, deceased.
August 15, 3t.

NOTICE.
All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing school orders of Allegheny school district Cambria county, bearing number and date as follows: Order No. 128 for $20.00, dated February 19, 1890; order No. 158 for $12.50, dated June 20, 1890, and order No. 1 for $110.27, dated June 2, 1890, as the above orders were drawn by mistake and imposition. By order of the Board,
S. VAUGHT,
Allegheny twp., Aug. 11, 3t. Secretary.

ESTRAY.
Came to the residence of the undersigned in Allegheny township on or about June 15th, 1890, one light red heifer, white spotted, supposed to about the age of two years. The owner is requested to come, pay charges and take her away, or she will be disposed of according to law.
THOS. BISHOP.
Allegheny township, August 15, 1890.

B. & B.

Late Buyers

Are More Fortunate

Than Usual This Season.

In many lines in our Dress Goods Departments we find a surplus, particularly in

SUMMER WOOLENS.

This surplus must go. Room is needed for Fall goods now arriving.

A sale of Fine Imported Dress Goods Novelties—40 to 42 inch goods at 50 cents.

The English Railroad Car.

Those Americans who go abroad to discover the shortcomings of Europe and to exagregate their own satisfaction with everything American, are always happiest when they are describing an English, French, or German railroad. They are half wrong, as bigots usually are; but then, again they are half right.

The truest comparison and fairest statement of the facts concerning English and American railroads is that if they had our cars and we had their roads, both countries would enjoy railroading to perfection.

In order to present the most complete picture to the American reader, let him or her imagine a summer horse-car with the sides boarded up—one of those horse-cars with cross seats facing one another in pairs. Let him imagine the back of every alternate seat carried up to the ceiling. That would divide the car into three or four boxes. Then put a window at each end of each seat, and a door at each end of each passage. The windows must be tight and immovable, but there must be a sliding window in every door, to hoist up and down by means of a broad leather strap, worn black and soft by handling.

Now mark "Third Class" on the boxes that are over the wheels at either end of the car, and print "Frst Class" on the boxes between the wheels in the middle of the car.

Cushion the first-class seats, and pad their backs as high as one's head; then carpet the third-class seats, and nail carpets on their backs, and you have turned an open horse car into an English railway carriage. There is a narrow board on each side of the horse car for the conductor to walk upon, and there is also on the English car; but the English railroad car is boarded up at each end, whereas the American horse car is glased.

Now let the American think of all the comforts and conveniences there are in our railroad coaches—the toilet stand, the closet, the heating apparatus, the drinking-water cylinder. Not one of these is in an English railroad car—not one. All those things are at the station, not in the cars.

In the English cars there is an ineffectual and timid light, half concealed above a thick convex glass in the roof of each compartment, and there is a rack over each seat. This is the fact whether you ride first-class or third-class.

In some of the cars there is a map of the railroad over one bench, and an advertisement of the railroad's hotels facing it, in each compartment. The map strikes me as a most excellent idea. There is also posted in each compartment a statement of the number of persons it is designed to hold. "This compartment is for ten persons," was always posted in the third-class and second-class compartments; in the first-class ones the seats are divided by padded arms to accommodate three persons each, or six to the compartment. That is a European custom. Even on shipboard on your way to Europe you will notice, cast in the iron door-frame of every room aboard the vessel, a statement of the number of sailors or passengers or stewarts or stokers that may inhabit each apartment.

Japan's Lucky Fish.

H. Oska, a merchant of Tokio, Japan, declares that Japan will experience nothing but prosperity this year. This declaration is based on an unique and never-failing sign, according to the foreigner. "The king of good luck has appeared on our shores," explained Mr. Oska, "and his capture is worth more than a million yens."

A few weeks ago the capture of a strange fish at Nilgati-Ken was reported. It resembled a tia in many respects. It was six feet in length, its body was of a bright red color with little polka dots scattered about, and had a long, flowing golden beard. The beard was two feet in length and as fine as silk. When the fish was landed crowds from all over the country came to Nilgati-Ken to view the strange sight. For days it was a mystery until an old fisherman eigthy years of age saw it.

"Praise the Lord," he exclaimed, when he first saw the bright-colored fish. "It is the fuku-tai, and has not been seen in the waters of our land for fifty years. Fuku-tai, when translated, means the tai of happiness, and our ancestors called the fish the king of good luck. It is the sign of plentiful catches, increased business, and general prosperity throughout the land. Fifty years ago, when the last was seen in Japan, a great feast was held in its honor and prosperity followed. A grand jollification was indulged in this time, and so far the good luck has increased. The fish was purchased by one of the richest men in Japan, and it will be placed on exhibition at the National Fair now being held at Tokio."

A Destructive Torpedo.

A startling demonstration of the destructive power of the famous Brennan torpedo purchased by British Government for $50,000 was made off the Isle of Wight in the presence of the Secretary of war and a large number of military experts.

The old man-of-war Harpy was towed into the Solent and as soon as she was sighted from Cliff End Port the Brennan torpedo was sent to meet her. The torpedo, guided from the fort, played around the doomed ship at will, following every movement of her.

After a few, minutes of preliminary evolutions the torpedo struck home. There was a tremendous shock which caused the land to tremble for a few seconds, followed by a dense black cloud and fragments of timber When the smoke cleared it was seen that about one-third of her majesty,s ship Harpy had been torn away and her masts had gone by the board. In about a minute she began to sink and two minutes later she had quite disappeared.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

JOB :: PRINTING.

THE FREEMAN

Printing Office

Is the place to get your

JOB PRINTING

Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion, We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type

We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every discription in the FINEST STYLE and at the very

Lowest Cash Prices.

Nothing but the best material is used and our work speaks for itself. We are prepared to print on the shortest notice

POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, BUSINESS CARDS, TAGS, BILL HEADS, MONTHLY STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, LABELS, CIRCULARS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CHECKS, NOTES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, BOND WORK, LETTER AND NOTE HEADS, AND HOP AND PARTY INVITATIONS, ETC.

We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.

The Cambria Freeman,

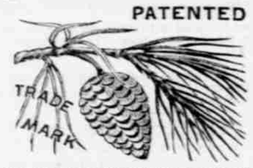
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

ALLAN'S

PINE NEEDLE

CIGARS & CIGARETTES.

PATENTED



These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

FREEHOLD, N. J.

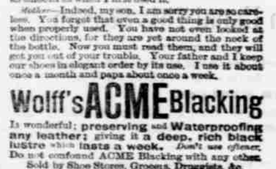
Boy—Mother, since I have been using *Wolff's Acme* Blacking my shoes wear longer than ever before, and I never get my feet wet, but I do not think they look as smooth as when I first used it.

Mother—Indeed, my son, I am sorry you are so careless. You forgot that even a good thing is only good when properly used. You have not even looked at the directions, for they are put around the neck of the bottle. Now you must read them, and they will get you out of your trouble. Your father and I keep our shoes in elegant order by its use. I use it about once a month and papa about once a week.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Is wonderful; preserving and Waterproofing any leather; giving it a deep, rich black lustre which lasts a week. *Don't use oilener.* Do not confound ACME Blacking with any other. Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c. Try it on your Harness.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.



—FOR—

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from Impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

PERUVIAN TONIC LIVER REGULATOR.

The only sure and radical cure for

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION,

and all disorders of the liver, and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by D. T. Ketring, Williamsburg, Pa., for the P. T. L. R. Co. and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. None genuine except label shows the Indian arrow-head trade mark.

April 26th, '90-ly.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS

EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

M. D. KITTELL,

Attorney-at-Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

The Catacombs of Paris.

The vast catacombs by which a large portion of the city of Paris is undermined were only known by tradition until the year 1774, when some alarming accidents aroused the attention of the Government. The old quarries were surveyed and plans of them taken, the the result being the discovery that the churches, palaces and almost the entire Southern portion of Paris were undermined and in great danger of sinking into the abyss below.

A special committee was appointed to investigate the matter, but were very tardy in carrying out instructions, doing but little until the summer of 1775. and not then until several houses had sank 90 to 100 feet below the surrounding level. Investigation proved that the quarrymen who had honeycombedthe foundation of the city had done it regardless of the consequences, leaving pillars without any regularity whatever, and some too weak to stand the enormus strain of the weight above, some of the pillars themselves having been undermined or set upon foundations that had been previously hollowed out.

The squeduct of Acunell passed over this creacherous ground; it had already suffered some shocks, and, if the quarries had continued to be neglected, accidents would have happened that would have cut off its supply from Paris and flooded the excavations with water. For years and years, workmen were busily engaged in building supporters under the city, until about the year of the revolution, when everything was brought to a standstill, and the catacombs converted into an immense underground deadhouse.

How many innocent persons were murdered during the awful days of the "reign of terror" and thrown down the shaft and wells that led to this awful charnel house will never be known. At least 3,000,000 human remains are said to repose in the catacombs.

Books that are Never Written.

"The number of copyright entries," said the Congressional Librarian the other day, "does not represent books published, for among the entries are copyright for music, pictures, etc. Besides many books which have been copyrighted have never come into existence. Many rejected manuscripts are preserved in copyright entry. Many copyrights are got out for books which the ambitious author is never able to write. A man is struck with a brilliant idea. He gets a great novel, a great drama or some wonderful work of a serious character in his head.

"He has something that is going to make a great sensation in the world, and he is much exited over the idea. He gets up the title of his book or play, prepares the title page, before he has written the first line of his work, and then for fear some one else shall strike upon the same line of thought ahead of him he gets out his copyright. But when he attempts to write the book the thing hitches somehow and he never quite gets a start. I have no doubt that men have spent the best part of their lives trying to write a book to correspond to a copyright already secured.

"The great ideas won't take shape on paper, and the man who becomes an author before he has written anything meets with disappointmen and misery. It would astonish you to know how many copyrights represent nothing—not a scratch on paper. Many plays are copyrighted which never see the light of day or appear behind the footlights. Some of them have been written and rejected; some have never been written at all."

A Clock Stopped by Sparrow.

The Sarnia town clock stopped at 4.30 one morning recently, and Mr. Williams, on going to ascertain the cause, found that the hands had been securely tied down by strands or twine and grass. The mischief had been done by a pair of English sparrows, who had selected the angle formed by the hands as a site for a nest. The movements of the hands interfered with their plans, and the birds put their wits to work to devise a remedy that would secure the stability of the nest. Their scheme was to wind the shaft on which the hands are pivoted round and round with grass and cords.

That failing, they tied the hands to each other and to the framework in such a manner that it took considerable time and a great deal of labor on Mr. Williams' part to remove the obstructions. The engineering skill displayed by the birds in accomplishing their object showed that they possessed reasoning powers of no mean order, besides an amount of industry and perseverence in gathering the material within the few hours at their disposal that is almost incredible.

Camphor for Colds.

Camphor in various forms is frequently recommended for colds in the head, although Dr. George Johnson and others long since indicated the dangers attending the use of concentrated alcoholic solutions.

The following method of application is suggested in a swiss pharmaceutical journal, and certainly has the merit of simplicity. A jug is filled with boiling water, in which a teaspoonful of well-powdered camphor is thrown. A funnel-shaped paper cap is then placed on top of the jug, and a hole torn in it just fitting the nose. The camphorated steam is inhaled through the nose for ten or fifteen minutes, the inhalation being repeated, if required, every four or five hours. If the patient resolutely persists with the inhalation, in spite of its unpleasantness, it is said that three repetitions will always effect a cure, however severe the coryza may be.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalize, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

THE FREEMAN has all the Cambria county news.

Spring Disorders

Shattered nerves, tired brain, impure blood, debilitated system, all are the natural outcome in the Spring. A medicine must be used, and nothing equals Paine's Celery Compound. We let others praise us—you cannot help believing a disinterested party.

Brigadier-General W. L. Greenleaf, Burlington, Vt., writes: "I have used Paine's Celery Compound on several occasions, and always with benefit. Last spring, being very much run down and debilitated, I commenced taking it. Two bottles made me feel like a new man. As a general tonic and spring medicine I do not know of its equal."

"I have used two bottles of your Paine's Celery Compound, and it has given entire satisfaction as an appetizer and blood purifier." T. L. BERNES, Watertown, Dakota.

Paine's Celery Compound

is prescribed by physicians, recommended by druggists, endorsed by ministers, praised by users, and guaranteed by the manufacturers, as a spring medicine which will do all that is claimed for it. Use it this spring, and see how quickly it tones you up.

Purifies the Blood.

Full accounts of wonderful cures made by Paine's Celery Compound after other medicines and the best physicians had failed, sent free. There's nothing like it.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

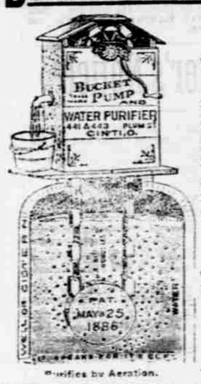
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

Color Anything any Color. Simple, Durable, Economical. IT IS EASY TO DYE WITH DIAMOND DYES *25 Colors. 10 cents each.*

DRINK PURE WATER.

BY USING THE

BUCKET PUMP AND WATER PURIFIER



IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.

Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 40 ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No suckers or valves to wear out.
It has no wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the chain is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, 20 degrees below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

A live agent wanted in every town in the United States. Address

BUCKET PUMP CO.

441 and 443 Plum Street, CINCINNATI, O.

Purifies by Aeration.

GEO. HUNTLEY, Agent, Ebensburg, Pa

THE ALLMENDINGER PIANO & ORGAN CO.,

ANN ARBOR, MICH., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of *HIGH GRADE PIANOS and ORGANS.*

Importers and Jobbers of *Music and Musical Merchandise.*

We Make a SPECIALTY of *Organs in Piano Cases,* FINELY FINISHED and HAND POLISHED, in *Rosewood, Ebony, Walnut and Antique Oak* And containing our own Patented Improvements.

We acknowledge no rivals in above styles, in TONE, ACTION or WORKMANSHIP. Pianos and Organs in ALL styles. We are Manufacturers and make manufacturer's prices. Orders for anything in the music line will receive prompt attention. Correspondence Solicited. Live Agents Wanted.

FACTORY: Cor. First and Washington Sts. -:- RETAIL WAREROOMS: 38 So. Main St.

REFERENCE: FARMER'S AND MECHANIC'S BANK, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

SWEEPING

PRICE - REDUCTIONS!

Preferring to carry Uncle Sam's Dollar to a big stock, we have inaugurated a

Great June Sale.

Sweeping Price Reductions.

A rare chance to get fine Clothing far below regular prices.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

6th and Chestnut St. (Ledger Building) 13th and Chestnut St.

B. J. LYNCH,

UNDERTAKER

And Manufacturer & Dealer in

HOME AND CITYMADE FURNITURE

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.,

1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

ALTOONA. PENN'A

☞ Citizens of Cambria County and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. [4-16-'80-tf.]

WANTED—AGENTS

TO SOLICIT ORDERS FOR OUR TREES, SHRUBS, VINES, &c. STEADY WORK For Honest, Industrious Men.

Salary & Expenses, or Commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of varieties adapted to Pennsylvania.

The Business Quickly Learned. *Write immediately for terms.*

OUR HOME OFFICE.

R. C. CHASE & CO., PHILA., PA.

1794. 1890.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,

AGENT FOR THE

OLD HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.

COMMENCED BUSINESS

1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1892.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

OILS! OILS!

The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., make a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Naphtha and Gasoline

That can be

MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

We challenge comparison with every known product of petroleum. If you wish the most

Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

in the market ask for ours.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY,

PITTSBURG, PA.

oct15-89-1yr.

PATENT STEEL PICKET FENCE.

HANDSOME, INDESTRUCTIBLE. Cheaper than Wood.

The above cut shows Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a netting.) can be used on Iron or Wood Posts. When writing for prices give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single, Wood. We also manufacture Heavy Iron Fencing, Ornamental Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters and FIRE ESCAPES, Cellar Doors, and Railings, Iron and Brass Settees, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

TAYLOR & DEAN,

201, 203 & 205 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN C. FINCH,

DEALER IN

Golden - Wedding - Rye - Whiskies,

136 WATER STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.

Oldest established house in the city, where nothing but pure goods are put up, strictly for family and medicinal use. Nothing better than Golden Wedding. Next on the list, Guckenheimer,s, Gray's Monongahela Rye; these goods are leading brands. Brandies of vintage of 1878 on hand. Gins, Holland and Domestic, also Old Tom. Finch's Golden Wedding, $1.00 for full quart, 6 for $5.00; Guckenheimer's the same; Monongahela, $3.00 per dozen. Wines, $5.00 per dozen, $3.00 for one-half dozen. Securely boxed. Also have in stock, Grandfather's Choice, at $2.00 per gallon, barrels at special rates. Apr. 25, '90-1y

PILES. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If not allowed to continue scratching, form, protrude, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcerations, and in most cases removes the tumors. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is sold by druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of price, 1 box, 3 boxes, $2.50. *Address* letters, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES. The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Pimples, Itch, Scrofula, Pimples, Erysipelas, &c., no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. 3 Boxes, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

When Visiting the Pittsburgh Exposition, call on the

HENRICKS MUSIC CO., Ltd.

For Cash or Time Prices on

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

79 Fifth Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.

jun13 6m.

DETROIT SURE GRIP Steel Tackle Block.

HALF THE COST of hoisting saved to Storekeepers, Butchers, Farmers, Machinists, Builders, Contractors and OTHERS. Admitted to be the greatest improvements EVER made in tackle blocks. Freight prepaid. Write for catalogue.

FULTON IRON & ENGINE WKS., 10 Brush St., Detroit, Mich. Established 1852. ma30.90.1y

CANCER and Tumors CURED: no knife; book free. DRS. GRATIGNY & BUSH, No. 163 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

Cultivation of Peppermint.

There are two places in the United States where the cultivation of the peppermint plant is one of the leading industries. The older of these places is Wayne County, New York; but for thirty years the business has been a well known one in St. Joseph County, Michigan.

"Hall's Big Marsh of florence" at Three Rivers, Mich., is the largest piece of land in America devoted to the raising of this plant. The farm contains about nine hundred acres, of which four hundred acres, are put into mint each year and alternated with clover to keep up the strength of the soil.

The cultivation of the crop requires more than ordinary care. The ground is plowed in August, September, or October, then thoroughly harrowed, and the following spring it must be harrowed again, then marked and planted. Old roots from "first" crops are removed from the ground in Spring, and pianted in rows three feet apart. A man carries the roots in a sack on his back, throws them into the rows, and they are then "kicked in."

From the time the mint appears above the ground until it is gathered, it should be constantly cultivated and hoed to keep it free from weeds, which are the bane of the pepermint grower's existence. The plants mature from the middle of August to the first of September—as soon as the blossom is out. It is cut with a mower, or by hand with a scythe, and if weedy the weeds must be sorted out by hand.

After cutting, the mint is allowed partly to dry or "cure," and is then drawn to the still-house, where it is immediately distilled. The still is a large wooden tub with tight hinged top, a steam supply connection at the bottom, and an outlet to the condenser at the top of one side.

The mint is drawn to the still house in wagons and pitched into the still; the packer "packs the tub," the top is fastened down, and the steam turned on for about an hour, or until exhausted. This is told by pulling a plug in the top of the still. The exhausted mint or "charge" is lifted out of the still and carried away on a wagon. The "mint straw" is dried and used as fodder for sheep and cattle.

Two or three crops are gathered each planting. The first and second crops are the best, and twenty pounds of oil to the acre is a good yield. The third crop is very apt to be weedy, and the yield only about ten pounds to the acre.

Superstitions About Babies.

In Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed around a child to keep harm away.

Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a new born babe in Holland.

Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Esthonian mothers attach bits of assafoetida to the necks of their offspring.

Welsh mothers put a pair of torgs of tong or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

Among the Vosges peasant children born at a new moon are supposed to haae their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue and better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious.

In Scotland it is said to rock the empty cradle will insure the coming of other occupants.

The London mother places a book under the head of a new born infant that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into its first bath to guarantee its wealth in the future.

The Turkish mother loads her child with amults as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud, steeped in hot water, predared by previous charms, is on its forhead.

Vegetable Immigrants.

Naturalists familiar with the habits of the English sparrow seem to doubt the possibility of preventing its enormous increase at the expense of our indigenous birds, and a similar result may follow the introduction of a tree which in the course of the last twenty years has effected at least a thousandfold extension of its North American habitat. It is the allantus tree, imported originally from the Moluccas, but now found in every sheltered river-valley from Pittsburg to Southern Alabama. Its fecundity and rapidity of growth exceed that of the Canada thistle.

In less than five years a small plantation of the vegetable colonists will cover a dozen square miles of river-bottoms with their pale green sprouts, and in five years more any one of those sprouts is capable, upon the slightest encouragement, to develop into a tall and really beautiful tree. None of our native arboreal plants are capable of competing with the vegetative energy of the hardy stranger, which prospers in the poorest calcareous soils, and appears to flourish equally well in Southern China and Northern Ohio. Along the line of the Miami Canal, north and east of Cincinnati, it has superceded sumachs and willows; near Huntsville, Ala., its thickets are smothering both weeds and trees, and within the last five years it has extended its conquests even to the rocky uplands of Western North Carolina.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis. while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Soldby Dr. J T. Davison.

READ the FREEMAN.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

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Carrolltown Bank,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

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The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

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Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

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Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

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Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

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Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

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Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

JOHN A. BLAIR. JOHN T. BLAIR

BLAIR & SON'S

DAILY MEAT MARKET,

Centre Street, Ebensburg, Pa.

The Best Western Cattle Butchered every day. Also Fresh Lamb, Veal, Mutton, Lard, Etc., always on hand.

Market open at all hours and attentive and obliging salesmen to attend to the wants of customers.

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in

Malarial Regions,

will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

Try Them Fairly.

A vigorous body, pure blood, strong nerves and a cheerful mind will result.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older or Young. Robust, Manly Health Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT. Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases,* there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

NOT DEAD YET!

VALLIE LUTTRINGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING.

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

☞ No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER. Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

C. A. LANGBEIN,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranted to give satisfaction.

☞ Shop Barker's Row on Centre street. apr12'9tf

SALESMEN WANTED.

Local or Traveling.

to sell our Nursery Stock. Salary, Expenses and Steady Employment Guaranteed. CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY. ma4jul Rochester, N. Y.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Good Farming and Small Farms.

The idea of unlimited acres, and farm operations on a large scale, is very attractive to some tillers of the soil, particularly those who are young. There are two sides to this question, however, as to most others. If one has large capital, he can, of course, extend his business to any limit that seems profitable, but for the farmer whose only capital is the small farm he owns, the wise course is to crowd that little farm to the utmost limit of productiveness, before he seeks to acquire more land, unless there be an exceptional case where large returns are certain.

Note some of the points of advantage in working a small but rich farm. The taxes are less than on a large farm, there is no more productive in total results. The expense of working the smaller place will be much less. The actual labor on the part of the farmer himself will be much less. He will be free from the constant worry and care that accompany the cultivation of large acres. Less hired help will be needed. There will be fewer fences to keep in repair, and less expense for fertilizers when there is a concentration of these.

Now given the small place in a fair state of productiveness, let us see if better farming on the present area cannot be made profitable. When the soil has been properly prepared for the crop, and the usual amount of dressing applied, the farmer is at a point where he can say, "Shall I put in this crop and get the usual average results, or shall I double the yield by increased cultivation and increased fertilization?"

Barring accidents that are outside of man's control, the ordinary yield can be doubled without doubling the labor or the amount of dressing. A certain amount of plant food is necessary to start the crop and produce the stalk. If the supply gives out at this point, there will be small returns at harvest time. It is just here that so much failure occurs in farming. The expense of preparing the soil and furnishing a certain amount of dressing is incurred and here the planter stops, as also does his crop. It is the extra feed beyond that which is required to produce the plant itself that pays. Better put all the fertilizer and all the cultivation on a smaller area. It is the same in other farm operations. The food that will do little more than keep the life in two animals will bring a profit if left to one. It is the extra feed beyond that which is required to sustain life which gives a profit in growth, in milk, in butter and other animal products. In fact, it is good farming that pays, and as a rule, good farming is possible for the man with small capital, only in cultivating limited areas.

A good formula for self communion for the one who really is ambitious to make agriculture a success is somewhat like following: "I am going to raise better calves, better lambs, better colts, better pigs and poultry than I raised last year. I am going to make two bushels of field and garden crops grow where only one has grown heretofore." The man who feel that way is putting himself in a position to deserve success—and secure it, too.

Her Picture on Every Silver Dollar.

The figure stamped on the face of our Bland silver dollar is an exact likeness of Miss Ann W. Williams, a young lady of Philadelphia. The profile is the work of a young Briton named Morgan. When Mr. Morgan came to this country, in 1876, to devise a stamp for the coinage of our standard dollar, he at once entered the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, that he might more thoroughly Americanize his work. Here he remained for several months, then spent several days trying to sketch the head of the fanciful Goddess of Liberty.

Finally, he concluded to abandon the idea of making a fanciful design, and in its stead, use the profile of an American girl. Aided by a friend, he began searching for one whose beauty was entitle her to the honor of the position. For weeks he continued his search without success, until he was introduced to Miss Williams, then a resident of Philadelphia. With great difficulty he persuaded her to sit for a sketch.

After four trying sittings Mr. Morgan succeeded in obtaining sufficient features to enable him to proceed with his work. While what degree of success he met may be seen by an examination of a silver dollar. As to the beauty of her figure, Mr. Morgan declares her profile to to be the most perfect he has ever seen either in this country or England. For two years the identity of the figure was kept a profound secret, and the original picture is still carefully preserved.

It Takes Deftness to Mend Gloves.

Everyone who has attempted the task knows that it requires a particular deft touch to mend a rent in a glove successfully. In the picture of Hilda, the heroine of marble Faun, engaged in mending her gloves, Hawthorne draws attention to the grace of this peculiarly feminine task. The best glove menders in the world, unfortunately for the sentiment, are men, professional glovers, who handle the kid and needle with methodical dexterity. A rip is a simple matter with them; it is to mending a tear in the kid that they show their skill. The color of the glove is carefully matched in silk taffeta or any silk goods of firm light quality, and in sewing silk. A piece of the silk is run on the inside carefully under the rent so as to bring the edges together, but not so as to show on the outside of the glove, and the edges of the kid are drawn together by almost invisible stitches, as a clothmender mends cloth.

Properly rubbed with the finger, the rent hardly shows if it is not in a place where the stitches are stretched when the glove is worn. Even this the silk beneath tends to prevent. After little perseverance any one can catch the art of glove mending and learn to do the work with something of